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For the Song  
in your heart.  
- June 1991 -

**THE SONG OF SANT MAT  
and Other Poems**

A presentation in poetic form  
of the Science of Sant Mat  
as taught by the Spiritual Masters  
of the Radha Soami Satsang, Beas, India

This book is humbly dedicated  
with deep love and reverence  
to Maharaj Charan Singh Ji

John H. Leeming, Jr.  
1976

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword .....	i
Prologue .....	ii
The Song of Sant Mat	
I The Teachers .....	1
II Creation .....	17
III Kal's Rule .....	23
IV The Path .....	29
V The Living Master .....	39
VI The Student .....	45
VII The Satsangi .....	56
VIII The Lover .....	70
IX Return .....	76
The Rubaiyat .....	83
Variations On A Theme .....	96
To The New Initiate .....	112
What Price .....	113
Kismet .....	114
When Earth's Attractions Have Faded .....	115
Love .....	116
Think .....	116
Sawan Singh .....	117
Charan Singh Ji .....	119
Psalm .....	121
If It Be Thy Will .....	122
Prayer .....	123
I've Never Been In Love Before .....	124
The Battle Hymn of the Satsangi .....	130
Take Me With You In Your Heart .....	133
A Christmas Story .....	140
New Year's Prayer .....	143
Recessional .....	144
Glossary of Oriental Terms .....	145
Directory .....	147

## FOREWORD

The poets of old would call upon some celestial muse to inspire them and to bring beauty to their verse. Lavish praise was bestowed upon the gods of verse to lure their aid in reaching heights beyond mere mortal pen. For these poets well knew that their best work came somehow from within, and at those times of inspiration, they but held the pen.

This writer too is slave of such a muse — slave in subject matter and in form to One who knows; to One who is the supreme poet Himself. If this mortal mind and hand can write His music, they take no further credit. That which is clumsy or unclear is their fault and in no way His.

Sant Mat literature — in any form — is to be used to repeat again and again to our minds the Master's teachings. If we can create pictures in the mind as well as abstract thoughts, it is easier to bring the attention in, and to keep it there. If the ear, as well as the eye, can be used to bring these thoughts and pictures, they are stronger and more lasting. You may enjoy reading this poetry aloud so that the eye, and tongue, and ear, and mind are all caught up in Master's work.

So, dear reader, take this small book to be a mine wherein lies wealth untold, the gold and jewels of spiritual truth tendered, thru His Love, to those who will receive.

John H. Leeming, Jr.  
Phoenix, Arizona



## PROLOGUE

Who in gladness to his Maker  
Has not raised a prayer of thanks?  
Or, when fate has turned against you,  
Pain or sorrow, a haunting fear,  
Brings you to your knees abegging  
That darkness thus might quickly pass,  
Prayers you send to distant heaven,  
Or whisper to some idol here,  
In the hope that they will reach Him —  
In the hope that HE will hear.

But the fickle gods we pray to  
Do not answer, "Lo, I have heard",  
Do not keep our faith unshaken  
By swiftly granting our poor needs.  
When we cry against such callous  
Denial of His promised Love,  
We are told the pain we feebleth  
Is in God's Will; we should not ask,  
"Why?" Just trust the Lord will giveth  
Salvation when this life has passed.

Can we be *sure* the God we pray to  
Has, Himself, salvation promised —  
Will, or can grant this gift of peace?  
Or, as many prophets tell us,  
Will we to this hard world return  
To pay off the debts remaining  
From our unnumbered prior lives:  
Golden debts of Love and Kindness;  
Cold, iron clad, debts of hate and greed.  
Debts, old debts which we created —  
Not FATE which some strange God decreed?

Who can answer such a question  
With proofs that Mind and Soul accept?  
Who can say from whence we cometh,

The why, the where, the when, and how?  
Who has that greatest of all powers  
To assure the Soul's redemption  
To guide it up that hidden path  
Which it, long ago, descended;  
That Path, lost and long forgotten,  
Which takes the Soul back to the ONE?

Such an answer can be given  
Only by a Soul that's been There;  
Such assurance can be given  
Only by a Living Master;  
By a Son of God who cometh  
In human form, the same as ours,  
But whose Soul is free to travel  
Thru all Regions of Creation,  
Hindered not by mind or body:  
Who is both *here*, and ONE with HIM.

If we trust to books translated  
From tongues which man no longer speak;  
If we search them for the answers,  
For living *proof* of what we seek,  
We will miss the wondrous message  
That Master spoke when He was here;  
Miss that which the Living Master  
Needs must impart to His marked sheep  
While they both are in this body —  
The secret they alone can hear.

For the Lord this Path created  
When man first left his Home Above,  
And this Path He has not altered  
For time, or nation, race or creed.  
So too, any soul that's ready —  
Who seeks, who knocks, who will receive —  
Will unto a Living Master  
Be led to fill that age old need.  
Know for sure that He will find you

With evidence you will believe!

Should you ask me, whence these lessons,  
Whence this strange and wondrous teaching  
Of the science men call Sant Mat?  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
"From the lips of a great Master,  
From His speech and from His writing —  
His language is the same as ours —  
And from all true Saints before Him  
In every place, in every time,  
As we learn the grain to winnow  
From man made chaff 'tis hidden by."

If still further you should ask me,  
Saying, "Prove He is a Master;  
Prove that the Path is really there."  
I should answer, "Go to Master,  
With a mind and heart that's open,  
To this kindly, loving teacher.  
Ask, and see how He does answer;  
Test His answers to your own needs."  
Do not let the mind deceive you,  
Test further if you would believe;  
Let Him lead you in and upward  
Where Soul itself can Truth perceive.  
All those who will make the effort  
Can before this life has ended  
Know the nature of Creation,  
End the rule of fears and passions,  
End too the wheel of births and deaths.

Ye who tire of the changes,  
The endless changes of this world;  
Ye who find the world's religions  
Yield no answers which you can trust,  
Listen to this Song of Sant Mat.  
Ye who would to Him returneth  
To become ONE again with HIM,



Believe what the Master tells us;  
With open mind and heart and soul  
Listen to this Song of Sant Mat:  
Listen to this Song of LOVE.



---

## I THE TEACHERS

By the shores of river Beas,  
By the quiet running water,  
Stands the village known as Dera;  
Dera Baba Jaimal Singh Ji.  
Here nine years before this century  
Came the Master Jaimal Singh Ji;  
Long before there was a village,  
Built a mud hut in the desert  
Knowing thru His inner vision  
From this waste would bloom a garden,  
Bloom and grow to be a center  
For the teachings of the Masters.

Slowly grew the little village  
As He drew His followers to Him.  
Planted they the trees and gardens,  
Made their homes in what was waste land,  
Homes to keep out cold of winter  
And the blazing heat of summer.  
To the feet of Master came they  
Not for worldly food and comfort  
Nor for glories of this kingdom;  
Came they for the food ambrosial,  
For the nectar of the Shabd.  
And the Master taught His children  
How to reach the inner regions,  
Stop their endless awagawan,  
Leave the wheel of transmigration.  
Taught the secret inner Simran,  
Repetition of Holy Names,  
Guided He His sheep to pasture  
In the inner realms of Light.  
Oft to meet with His disciples,  
And to bring the Light to seekers,  
Traveled He to town and village  
In remoter parts of India.

---

Held His satsangs in the open  
Bringing Light into the darkness,  
Affirming what was in the scriptures,  
That we must seek a living Master;  
Quoting Granth Sahib and Quran,  
Quotes from every sage and scholar  
Who had reached the higher regions  
That: "no one could start the journey  
Save he had a living Master."

Few who heard Him stayed to listen,  
For the worldly call was stronger.  
Others heard and wished to argue  
Blinded as they were by ego.  
But the few God marked beforehand  
Heard the truth and stayed to listen,  
Saw the Sat Guru before them,  
Knew at last the end of seeking,  
Received Nam from Baba Ji.

---

Pausing in the hills of Murrie,  
Called a special soul unto Him;  
Called a young man from the army  
To Him for a special purpose.  
For while Sat Guru is Shabd,  
Manifest in human form,  
In this body He is mortal  
And obeys the laws of Kal.  
So each Master His successor  
Names before He leaves this world.  
Sawan Singh had been selected,  
By the Great Lord Sat Purush,  
Next to be the Light of Earth.

Slowly this great spirit brightened  
With loving care from Baba Ji.  
Spent His days with work of this world,

---

But spent His nights learning the Way.  
Till with Baba Ji's direction  
His mind and body became still,  
And this soul the Inner Regions  
Came to know intimately;  
Till at last unto the Father  
This soul was led by Baba Ji.  
Now at last ONE with the Father,  
With no remaining debt to Kal.  
With dominion o'er all Regions,  
From lowly Earth unto Sach Khand;  
Yet in ever loving kindness,  
Obedient to the Father's Will,  
Here the Lord of Light returneth  
To take the place of Baba Ji.

---

By example and by precept  
Taught this wondrous God-in-man,  
Taught the seekers and disciples,  
Taught philosopher and peasant,  
Taught them in the hills and jungles,  
In cities, towns, and on the plain.  
Taught the Rajas and the sweepers,  
Be they Muslim, Sikh or Hindu,  
Be they Christian, Jain or Parsee;  
For the Path is one for all men  
And all need the Master's guidance.  
Taught them how to live in Kal's world,  
Taught them of the Nam or Shabd,  
Taught them of the Inner Regions,  
Led His marked sheep back to their Home.

---

And a special task was given  
To this wondrous Sat Guru;  
To unfold this age old teaching  
To marked souls in other nations,



---

Where there was no Living Master,  
And where Sant Mat had not been taught.

Far away in California  
Lived a surgeon, Doctor Johnson.  
All his life he had been searching  
For a satisfying answer;  
Found the training and the practice  
As minister and missionary  
Could not satisfy the spirit.  
Found the training and the practice  
As a doctor and a surgeon  
Did not satisfy the spirit.

Asked again for inner guidance,  
Left his work and all attachments,  
Let the Lord direct his movement,  
Till one day an old friend gave him  
A brief description of Sant Mat.  
Then unto the feet of Master,  
To the Master Sawan Singh Ji,  
Travelled he with expectation  
Of spiritual satisfaction.  
And he found more than he dreamed of,  
Found not dogma, but a science,  
Not a theory, but a practice,  
Not a promise, but fulfillment  
While still living in this body.  
Found a teacher who could lead him,  
A Sat Guru who knew the Way,  
ONE Who without let or hindrance  
Crossed all the Regions every day!

In due time the Master asked him  
Please to help the Western seeker;  
To write a book in his language,  
With the Western thoughts and reference,  
Which would tell the Western seeker  
Of the wonders of Sant Mat.



---

So he wrote 'Path of the Masters'  
To help those whom the Master called  
Overcome the mental barriers,  
And start upon the Path to Home.

---

Under Sawan Singh's direction  
The Dera grew in every way.  
Grew to be a model village  
And the world wide Sant Mat center;  
Buildings rose to serve the sangat  
Built with bricks from Dera's clay.  
Above all the golden towers  
Of the spacious Satsang Gar  
Rise to catch the morning sunbeams  
Reflecting these to mortal eyes,  
Like a touch of inner glory  
Seen by those who go inside.

When the Master was at Dera  
He would hold His Satsangs daily  
To unfold the Sant Mat precepts;  
Simple lessons, yet most profound.  
And the seekers came by hundreds,  
All those so marked were given Nam.  
So the sangat grew by thousands  
Till at time of the bandaras,  
When Master holds His Feasts of Love,  
Visitors by tens of thousands  
Gathered within the Dera's walls.  
Thru the seva of disciples,  
And thru the Master's gracious love,  
All who came were fed and sheltered  
Absolutely free of charge.  
All received Sawan Singh's darshan,  
All received in accord with need,  
All returned to worldly duties  
With a better understanding,

---

With more strength to do their real work,  
With that inner light and music  
Which only He could give to man.

Came the big war of the forties  
And His disciples, far and wide,  
Were protected by His presence  
In the worst times of their need.  
And those who fought in the battles  
From new karma were protected,  
Protected by His mighty hand.  
For He teaches — we at all times  
Must obey world laws and leaders,  
We must act, and serve, and follow  
According to the laws of man.  
But we know He rules our karma  
If we keep also His commands.  
Those who follow His direction  
Are not in fear of strife or war;  
For they know that what befalls them  
Is but working out of karma,  
Is but pay for what has been earned,  
Is but freeing us from this world —  
With benefit for evermore.

---

After ninety years with mankind,  
After forty-five as Master,  
Sawan Singh at last completed  
The work assigned by Sat Purush  
To be accomplished in this world.

Such at all times is the practice,  
To prevent doubt and dissension,  
For the present Living Master  
To clearly name His successor  
Before He passes from this world.  
And to clearly make it known  
The choice was made by Sat Purush.

---

Before He left, He appointed  
Jagat Singh, the wise professor,  
To the leadership of Dera,  
To the guidance of the Sangat,  
To the role of God on earth.

---

For most His life, this humble man  
Held a college professorship.  
Scientist and learned scholar,  
Popular with staff and students,  
'Guruji' to those who knew Him  
Since His only other interest  
Was the practice of Nam Bhakti.  
Full devotion to these duties  
Were the two interests of this man;  
Finding nothing inconsistent  
Between science and Sant Mat.  
Half the day spent in the world's work,  
Half spent in the Inner Light.

When retired from the college,  
To the village known as Dera  
Came He to do meditation,  
And to be in Master's presence.  
Devoted all His time to seva,  
To the workings of the Dera,  
Or to the Master's inner call.  
Nothing else held any interest  
Beyond this practice of Sant Mat.

So when Master left the Dera  
On tour, or to rest alone,  
Jagat Singh was put in charge;  
Tho He wished to be with Master,  
Wished to be with Him in person,  
He would stay to do this seva  
For Master's wish was His command.



---

Then at last He was appointed  
Master Baba Jagat Singh Ji,  
The Living Master in this land.

Well He kept the Light of Shabd,  
Kept the Dera as a Lighthouse,  
As a fix'ed point of refuge  
In this dark and dangerous world.  
Kept the Light for old satsangis  
Still needing guidance in this world,  
Gave the Light to new satsangis  
Sent by God to this Helping Hand.

---

All His life Sawan Singh's grandson,  
Charan Singh, Great Master's grandson,  
Was beloved of that Master,  
Obedient always to His Will.  
From His very early childhood  
Was guided by the Sat Guru;  
Guided with a special loving,  
For a very special purpose,  
With a very special end in view.  
In His boyhood at the Dera,  
On the family farm at Sersa,  
He would take on humble duties  
To be helpful to the Sangat;  
Glad to be the humble servant  
Of other souls upon the path;  
Glad to show by His example  
How to fight the demon — Ego.

Tall and strong He grew from boyhood,  
Grew in stature and in spirit,  
Grew in wisdom and in knowledge,  
Earned Master's trust and confidence;  
Earned two degrees — in arts and law.  
In the running of the Dera



---

His advice was often sought,  
And in worldly ways He prospered  
In His profession of the law.  
In accord with Master's teachings  
That the householder's life is best,  
He entered the joy of marriage  
And raising of a family.  
Two fine sons and lovely daughter  
He raised with love and tenderness.  
Then in fullest bloom of manhood  
The Lord called Him from the world's work.  
Called him to assume the mantle  
From the hands of Jagat Singh Ji,  
From the much beloved professor  
Whose term was finished on this earth.

Under Charan Singh's direction  
Sant Mat has spread around the world,  
To the U. S. A. and England,  
To Africa and Canada,  
To Japan and South East Asia,  
To the many lands of Europe;  
Spread wherever souls are ready  
To start the pathway back to God.

Several hundred thousand followers  
Now constitute the Master's flock,  
And this gives to Kal a weapon  
With which he has tremendous skill.  
With so many scattered followers  
Organization starts to grow.  
Small satsangs adopt a 'leader'  
Whom they look to for direction;  
Seekers may another follow  
Who knows too little of the way.  
Ego swells and grows and fattens  
As Kal tries to form a priesthood,  
As he uses our ambitions  
To turn us from humility.

---

Again the need is clearly shown  
For the Living Master's presence,  
For continuous reminder  
To keep the teachings spiritual.  
For left alone a priesthood grows,  
Shortly TRUTH becomes 'religion',  
The Master's form is lost to view,  
And Kal has triumphed once again.  
In Sant Mat there's but one leader,  
There is but one authority.  
A committee runs the Dera  
In accordance with His Will.  
And to meet the laws of nations  
A small Society exists,  
Having but limited power,  
Acting only with approval,  
Acting only within His Will.  
A few special helpers has He  
Initiation to assist,  
But they have no other powers  
For they need no other powers —  
All that we need will come from Him.

---

Tho the basic Sant Mat teachings  
Are few, and not a bit complex —  
Master, Shabd, meditation,  
The diet, and a moral life —  
Yet the mind must fret and worry,  
Must turn the simple to complex,  
Must a thousand different questions  
Ask, then the answers put to test.  
Such is the nature of the mind  
That it is never satisfied  
With single statement of a Truth.  
Endless repetition needs it,  
Repetition like our simran  
Of the Master's basic teachings,

---

Related to this present life.  
To satisfy this fickle mind  
On any question it can ask  
Is one of the major reasons  
For the Living Master's presence.

When the Master's flock was so small  
That He could talk or write to each,  
There was little need for printing  
The answers in a general book.  
But with Charan Singh's disciples  
In countries all around the world,  
Asking many similar questions,  
Feeling similar hopes and fears,  
A collection of past letters  
Would answer almost every need.  
So he had collected letters  
From Sawan Singh and from Himself  
Printed for the help of seekers,  
For satsangis who were striving  
To tame the outward running mind.  
To further our understanding  
Of all the teachings of Sant Mat,  
Books of discourses were printed  
As He would give them in satsang.  
For the deeper digging student  
Of the Sant Mat philosophy,  
Came translations of Sar Bachan  
And of the teachings of past Saints;  
The philosophy of Masters  
Who had served across the ages  
As links from man to Sat Purush.  
And for those who could not visit  
With the Master at the Dera,  
Books were written by disciples  
With most beautiful descriptions  
Of the Living Master's presence,  
And of His way of life on Earth.



---

Now thru seva of satsangis  
In countries all around the world  
These many books can be obtained  
By satsangis and by seekers  
At no profit to the sangat,  
At just the cost to print and ship.  
Many too are in libraries  
Where by the Master's guiding hand,  
His marked sheep are brought in contact,  
Brought to the first realization  
Of Living Masters and Sant Mat.

So, the Master, Charan Singh Ji,  
Uses these books to help the mind  
Change from Kal's obedient servant  
To friend and helpmate of the soul;  
Change from slave to every passion  
To lover of the Inner Sound,  
Turn from scattered world attractions  
To eager traveler on the Path.

---

For those who can go to Dera,  
Dera by the river Beas,  
He has raised a model village  
For your comfort and convenience.  
For the citizens who live there,  
Who have built and own their homes there,  
Power, drains and water have they,  
Roads are well paved and all is clean.  
Trees and flowers in profusion  
Mark the seasons of the year.  
Beauty but not ostentation  
Marks the residence of Master,  
Teaching us by His example  
Both in this world and in the next.

In the summer, Dera's climate  
Is too hot for foreign guests,



---

But the Master welcomes visits  
Thru the balance of the year.  
Foreign guests must have permission  
For their plans to stay at Dera,  
For He permits but a visit  
To love, and learn from outward form.  
We cannot escape our karmas  
By hiding at the Master's feet,  
And the Form which we must worship  
Is within us, where'er we are.  
For the hundreds He does welcome  
Food and lodging are provided,  
In a very modern setting,  
At no charge to the satsangi.  
Well — no charge in worldly terms —  
Since He does encourage seva  
Of a spiritual nature,  
And provides for work and giving  
If done with real humility.  
We cannot buy Master's favor,  
But He doth give most generously  
If we make an honest effort  
To do our work upon the Path.  
Too, it seems that karmas ripen,  
In the sunshine of His presence,  
At a rate beyond the normal;  
Beyond the load which we could bear  
Were it not for Master's presence,  
If it were not a load He shared.

While the Master is at Dera  
Satsang is conducted daily,  
With attendance in the thousands;  
With the seekers and satsangis  
Who from all parts of the country  
Come to have the Master's darshan,  
Come to hear the Master's lessons,  
Come for that sorely needed help

---

Which the Master alone can give.  
If they come for wordly favor  
Time and effort they have wasted,  
For He deals not in the treasures  
Which the wordly mind desires.  
Treasures far beyond the dreaming  
Of those poor devotees of Kal  
Are to be had for the asking  
If the seeker or satsangi  
Is asking for the Hand of God.  
If he comes with a real longing  
For the spiritual treasures,  
Comes for help to free his spirit  
From the power of mind and maya,  
Then will he return full laden  
From the Treasure House of Nam.

---

At the time of the Bandaras,  
The festivals of divine love,  
From the length and breadth of India,  
From the mountains, plains and forests,  
From the town and teeming city  
Come the seekers of the nectar,  
Of the nectar of His darshan  
To see and hear this Son of God.  
Come by foot and ancient ox cart,  
Come by car or on bicycles,  
Come by lorry and by railroad,  
Come by bus and aeroplane;  
Till by start of the Bandara  
Three hundred thousand may be there.  
Many hundreds work to feed them  
In the Master's free langar,  
For the body and the spirit  
Here both are in the Master's care.  
Other hundreds help to guide them  
To the meetings and to seva;

---

Seva — service to the Master —  
By body, wealth, by mind or soul.

---

At the time of the Bandaras  
A little humble work is asked,  
Of those with the strength to do it,  
Who will put aside the Ego,  
And, for a few wondrous hours,  
Join the dusty, tramping thousands  
To bring rushes from the river  
Which will be dried and used for fuel;  
Or dirt laden baskets carry  
To convert the nearby wasteland,  
Cut with deep ravines and gullies,  
To level land for Dera's growth.  
As each one a basket carries,  
To move a hill to a ravine,  
Master watches, and He blesses  
This patient working in His Will.

Three things may happen to each one  
As the load of dirt is carried  
Along the rough and dusty road.  
First, their work will help the sangat  
Without the need for wordly coin,  
Thus they gain a little credit  
On the balance sheet of karma.  
Next, it helps subdue the Ego  
To do such simple work for love,  
To share one small place mid thousands  
And feel the wonder of His Love.  
Third, for those whose intellect needs  
A way to picture Master's work,  
He sees each soul its load of dirt  
With effort carry, and with relief  
Dump, bit by bit, at Master's feet.  
So this seva by the body



---

Trains us for the mental effort,  
For the daily mental seva,  
Done in daily meditation;  
Done with such intense devotion  
To the Radiant Form of Master  
That one, in time, and thru His Grace  
Attains to service by the soul;  
To that rare and wondrous level  
Where the current of one's soul  
Is withdrawn from the body  
And in the shabd then is merged.  
This then is the daily seva  
Of those souls deeply dyed in Love,  
Who have overcome the Ego,  
Who have severed all attachments,  
Who, tho still within the body,  
Can be with Him, within, at will.

---

Thus we have a brief description  
Of the Masters and the Dera,  
And a bit of understanding  
Of the science called Sant Mat.  
To gain fuller understanding  
Of this pathway back to Home,  
Master tells us of creation,  
Of the soul's intrinsic nature,  
Of the power of the Shabd,  
Of the way to start and travel  
With the Master back to God.

---

## II CREATION

When we ask about creation,  
The what and why and when and how;  
Master tells us, "Mind is finite,  
The infinite beyond its grasp."  
If we want to know the answers  
We must take the homeward path.  
"Go within," the Master tells us,  
"See first hand all of creation,  
Meet the rulers of all regions.  
Beyond mind and Maya's limits  
Soul will directly understand."

Till we make that inner journey  
And can directly understand,  
Some description does He give us  
Of the wonders of creation  
Starting with Primordial Sound.  
All is SHABD — sound — He tells us,  
Sound beyond name or description;  
Nameless to mind or ear or tongue.  
But if we must name the Nameless  
RADHASOAMI — let it be,  
The formless, all embracing ONE.  
Lord of the Soul — Supreme Creator —  
Radhasoami is the Will  
Which first loosed the sound — the Shabd —  
To express HIM as creation,  
Creating and sustaining all.

As the first step in creation  
Came the highest Grand Division,  
The imperishable Sat Desh.  
Regions four in this Division  
Beyond our power to comprehend.  
Anami Lok — Nameless Region,  
Home of the Supreme Creator,

---

Is the top of all creation.  
From Him flows all life and spirit,  
Flows all Truth and Love and Power,  
Nothing more in human language  
Can describe Radhasoami.

Next Agam Lok and Alakh Lok,  
The Region Inaccessible  
And Region Inconceivable,  
Were manifested in the void.  
To complete this Grand Division —  
Sach Khand, ruled by Sat Purush,  
Sach Khand, the true Home of the Soul,  
The Father's house which long ago  
We left to see the worlds below.  
From this center of light — life — power  
Flows the Great Creative Current,  
Flows the never ending Shabd,  
Called the Sound Current, Word or Nam;  
To create all other Regions  
To govern and sustain them all.

As the Will of God expanded  
Came the division of Brahmand.  
Grand Division with four regions  
Vast beyond all understanding;  
Subject all to dissolution,  
Subject all to change and darkness.  
From Sach Khand the spirit descended,  
Its brilliance dimming at each step.  
From Sach Khand the sound resounded,  
Became five sounds as it echoed  
Thru the regions of creation,  
Thru the Division of Brahmand.

First the region Bhanwar Gupha,  
Slightly less than pure spirit,  
Knowing Him — and yet distinct;  
Very nearly pure spirit



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But, as with all else below it,  
Spirit which HE directed to  
Experience duality.  
Sohang is ruler of this Region,  
Subordinate to Sat Purush.

Daswan Dwar lies next below this.  
'Land beyond the gate', some call it,  
For here still the spirit shineth  
Free from matter and illusion,  
Bathed in immortality.

---

All below is but reflection  
Of the reality above,  
But illusion in comparison  
With our real home far above.  
Now the wandering spirit descending  
Needs must take on other garments,  
Needs to dim its God-like brilliance,  
Wrapped in mind and lower bodies.  
Takes on, too, another ruler,  
Kal — the ruler and creator  
Of the worlds of Mind and Maya,  
Of all worlds and hells and heavens  
Which comprise these lower regions;  
Kal is now the supreme ruler  
Of the souls within his regions,  
Given this power by Sat Purush.

In his realm comes first Trikuti,  
The home of Universal Mind.  
Here the soul takes on the cover  
Of an individual mind.  
Also takes the Causal body,  
Storehouse over countless ages  
Of the record of each action  
Of the individual soul;

---

Records from the countless ages  
Of what was given and received,  
Of all our thoughts as well as deeds,  
Collected since the birth of time.  
Soul now shrouded in these garments  
Reaches next Sahansdal Kanwal.  
'Thousand Petaled Lotus' region,  
Known also as the Astral.  
Here it takes another body,  
Takes the sparkling astral body.  
Dims again its pristine radiance  
So it may function in this realm.  
Very fine this astral body,  
Distinctive shape and color too,  
So each individual soul there  
Is shown in true character.

---

One more step yet in creation —  
To this gross, material world.  
This division is called Pinda  
And all the universe we see  
Is but a small part of the region,  
But a tiny part of Pinda,  
And Pinda but a floating speck  
In the glowing sky of Brahmand,  
In the lowest part of Brahmand.

Here in these material regions  
Soul takes on its final covering,  
Takes a gross and temporal body,  
Bound by appetites and senses  
To the wheel of transmigration,  
To the endless awagawan.  
Bound by Lust and Greed and Anger,  
Bound by Ego and Attachment,  
Here celestial vibration  
Of the all creating Shabd

---

Almost ceases to be active,  
Is unknown to our senses,  
Its joy forgotten by the soul.  
All is but a dim reflection  
Of the brilliant worlds above,  
So the Light is dimmed to darkness,  
So the ONE appears as many,  
In this dark world of endless change.

---

What does it mean when we are told  
That these regions are so vast  
That mind can never comprehend?  
Perhaps we have a faint idea  
How far the solar system spreads,  
That at the fastest rocket's speed  
Almost a lifetime it would take  
To travel it from end to end.  
Yet it, within the galaxy,  
Is but a tiny, darksome space  
Round a small star of no import.  
And even at the speed of light  
One could not cross the galaxy  
Before one thousand lifetimes passed.  
When farther out in space we look,  
This galaxy is but a speck,  
Among billions of other specks,  
That sent their light across the miles  
Since first this universe began.  
And that faint light we see today  
Has travelled for five billion years  
From some of the remoter specks.  
No way there is that we may know  
What shape that galaxy has now,  
Or even if it still exists.  
And yet, such space beyond our grasp  
Is but one minor universe  
Midst countless others that comprise



---

The Region which we Pinda call!  
And Pinda, if we can conceive  
Of what such a concept may be,  
Is but a tiny spot itself  
In the bright sky of Brahamanda!

What a small space we occupy,  
And yet our ego calls on God  
To change the way the whole scheme runs;  
To give us this, to remove that,  
To bend another to our will;  
Or if He does not quick obey  
We will no longer worship Him!  
Our ego too will tell the mind,  
"There is no need to call for help  
To find the pathway back to God."  
Oh, what a foolish beast we are,  
And what a gracious Lord He is,  
To listen to our foolishness  
And still forgive, and send us Light,  
That we may finally come to know  
Both what we are, and what HE IS.

---

### III KAL'S RULE

All the souls that live in Pinda,  
Subject to the rule of Kal,  
All experience endless cycles  
In this world of change and contrast:  
Life and death — light then darkness,  
Good and bad — peace then conflict,  
Pain or pleasure — love or hate,  
From rich to poor — from low to high.

All these souls the Masters tell us  
Are on the 'Wheel of Eighty Four',  
Subject to reincarnation,  
And the laws of transmigration,  
Thru all species in creation  
From low to high and back to low.

Then we ask, "What is the rule  
By which our fate has been decreed?  
Is there any rhyme or reason  
For the 'good' and 'bad' we suffer?  
Are there rewards for good actions;  
Can we 'buy off' a penalty?"

Do the fickle gods direct us  
To a fate we can't control?  
Is it all predestination  
And makes no difference how we try?  
Or is Free Will a force to reckon —  
Ours the choice what form we enter,  
Ours the choice to live or die?

Philosophers across the ages,  
Priests and prophets, men of god,  
Many, many different answers  
Have they given to these questions,  
To the riddles of these questions.

---

And they started new religions  
To impose what they believed;  
To establish forms of worship,  
Prayers and fasts and pilgrimage,  
Penance, tithes and sacrifice,  
To assure the soul's salvation,  
Despite its actions here on earth.  
Blind they are, the blind they leadeth,  
For they know not the rule of God.  
But this rule is known by Masters  
Who are truly One With God;  
And they very surely tell us,  
"As ye sow, so shall ye reap.  
If ye plant but thorns and thistles  
The harvest be not fit to eat."

This they call 'the law of karma'  
Thru countless lifetimes does it work;  
So the joy you'll have tomorrow  
Perhaps was earned as tree or beast.  
For each thought, each word, each action,  
In human or in lower form,  
Is recorded as our karma,  
Added to our debt or credit,  
In exact and perfect measure.

---

At first, each soul in creation  
Had free will in all his actions.  
For the record book was empty,  
For no chains were forged to bind him;  
Each act, each choice, was truly free.  
But how quickly thoughts and actions  
Formed links, then chains of steel or gold;  
Curbing and restricting freedom,  
And binding us to other souls.  
Sat Purush the Law established,  
To be administered by Kal.



---

In accordance, Kal dispenses  
Karmic justice to all beings.  
He impartially dispenses  
Justice free of hate or favor,  
Equally to every being,  
Beast or angel, tree or man.  
When Death takes a living being,  
And brings it to the court of Kal,  
It must give a full accounting  
Of each deed and each attachment  
Unbalanced in the life just past.  
And unto this full accounting,  
Kal adds any debt remaining  
From unnumbered prior lives.  
Then the Lord of Death announces,  
To the naked, trembling soul,  
How some portion of this burden  
Shall next direct its destiny.  
Hells are meant for the correction  
Of the evil sinners' souls;  
And for actions meritorious  
Time in Heaven may Kal decree.  
Then when 'ere this stay is over,  
In accordance with its karma,  
A new body is assigned  
In the proper form and species  
For it to work its destiny.

So life comes and goes and changes,  
So the soul is bound unto the  
Eternal wheel of birth and death.  
We ourselves create the karma,  
Select and cultivate the crop.  
He dictates the time of harvest  
And the body where each soul sleeps.  
Soul's creation and destruction  
Is not within the power of Kal;  
Time and space are in his power,

---

Body and mind belong to him.  
But the soul comes from beyond Kal  
As the child of Sat Purush.  
So this lost child, so far from Home;  
This bit of God we call the soul,  
By great good fortune, now and then  
Is born as a sentient man.  
Man alone in all creation  
Has the rare opportunity  
To meet the Lord, to realize  
The nature of himself — the Soul;  
To see within these dark wrappings  
The nature of his God-made Soul.

While opportunity man has  
This does not mean that he will care,  
This does not mean that he will search,  
Or listen to the call of Home.  
Most are so trapped by greed and lust,  
Attached to things, or anger blind,  
That by this world are satisfied.  
Others are by ego blinded,  
Convinced that they in their own way  
Can lick this world and that beyond,  
So look not for the help they need.

This is Kal's world, and he would keep  
Each soul from thinking of its Home.  
Or if it thinks, it is misled  
To paths that outward satisfy  
But do not lead to inward peace,  
And do not give the soul release.  
In myriad ways Kal sets his snares,  
With wide choice of philosophies  
The mind to dull or satisfy.  
First comes the hedonistic cry —  
"Enjoy! Eat, drink and make merry.  
There is no need for god and such,

---

There is no future life to dread,  
Your only goal is happiness."

If pain and suffering bring fear,  
The gods you must propitiate,  
An idol quickly Kal creates  
For sacrifice or pilgrimage.  
In fact, an endless string of these  
To satisfy our every whim  
Exists with priests, and temples tall,  
With sweet incense, with bells and lights  
Our every sense to satiate.

All this but serves to further bind  
The lonesome soul to worldliness,  
To turn the thought of reaching God  
Away from Him to narrow creed;  
Which teaches prayer for worldly ends,  
Which stone or serpent sanctifies.  
And then Kal gives the cruelest twist —  
Makes man kill man to "save his soul"!

---

There is no cruelty known to man  
Which, in the name of religion,  
Has not been practiced by some creed!  
Man seeks for God — is given Hell —  
No wonder some in fury cry,  
"God is dead", and they seek no more.  
Kal has won, and the wheel grinds on,  
Those souls return to lower forms.

---

Yet a voice within us whispers,  
"There is a Path that leads to Home,  
Is an ever loving Father,  
Is some Guide to show the Way."  
So a few persist in seeking,  
Spend their whole life in this seeking,



---

Hear that voice within them thunder,  
"There is a Path that leads to Home!"

If they spend their lifetime seeking  
And still do not the answer find,  
Still no moment has been wasted,  
Not a single action wasted,  
Since the love which forms attachment  
Has not been for this world of Kal.  
And the pull that Love created  
Assures the soul rebirth as man.

---

## IV THE PATH

So the few persistent seekers  
Questioning spirituality  
Ask, "Is there any real assurance  
There is a Path that leads to Home?  
Is an ever loving Father,  
Is some Guide to show the Way?"  
And from Sat Purush the answer —  
"That Trinity is always there!"

Whatever we may choose to call  
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
They are there as full assurance,  
To the persistent seeking soul,  
That in every age and nation  
The same Path is always open,  
The Inner Path is always there;  
That in every age and nation  
A Living Guide for the seekers  
Will lead them to, and on, the Path.  
There the ever ringing Shabd  
Provides the strength and guiding Light,  
Till at last the soul returneth  
To the eternal Father's side.

Sat Purush we call the Father,  
The Living Master is the Son,  
And the power of the Shabd  
Completes the Holy Trinity.  
This is the Path which HE created  
Long before this world began.  
This the Path which HE maintaineth  
In every time and every place.  
This alone the form of worship  
To have communion with the Lord.  
Any other path of knowledge  
Still leaves us firmly tied to Kal,

---

And that promise of salvation  
After Death has claimed the Soul,  
Is an empty — empty promise  
Yielding only transmigration,  
The worldly rebirth of the soul.  
Still it is a favorite weapon  
In the arsenal of Kal,  
Used to keep the soul from seeking,  
Used to keep the soul from striving,  
Used to keep the soul from meeting  
With a True Master in this life.  
If the Path has not been started,  
If there has been no gift of Nam,  
There's no way it can be started  
After Kal reclaims the soul!  
Only after many ages,  
In many lower forms of life,  
Does the soul receive man's body  
And the one chance to start the Way.

---

Another trap that Kal will set  
For those who seek a mystic path,  
Is to entrance with occult powers  
Which swell the ego, and so block  
The search for truly spiritual wealth  
That those who try the inner path,  
Without a Master as their guide,  
Are led astray most easily.

Depending on the state of mind  
Of such a poor unguided soul,  
Who enters into occult realms  
Thru practice of some discipline,  
Kal will entice with powers or scenes,  
Which seem so wonderful, yet real,  
That the practitioner is sure  
He has some power of God received.



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He may be led to heal the sick  
By use of powers of the mind,  
Or tell of events yet to come,  
Or probe the thoughts of other men.  
Others are more attracted by  
Wild sights and thrills in a trance state,  
All manner of experience  
In astral or in lower planes.  
From these they can grand stories tell,  
Can impress others with some scene  
They think to be from prior life,  
Or of a region close to God.

Our Master tells us how to keep  
From being trapped by Kal this way,  
But if we choose, we can ignore  
His warning and the means to guard.  
For ego finds a great delight  
In powers which Kal is glad to give,  
And why should one do harder work  
Or drive away these wondrous sights?  
And thus the one so led astray  
Wastes time — wastes life — in vain pursuit  
Of something which will bring no gain,  
For Kal has nothing real to give!  
These powers of mind but ego swell,  
And may result in taking on  
The karma that another earned.  
While the experience one has  
With spirits of the lower type,  
Are not steps on the Royal Road  
But side trips which prevent the soul  
From making progress back to Him.

For the true mystic path to follow,  
One must the Master follow first.  
Must list' to every word He says  
And do exactly as He tells.  
The Shabd and His Radiant Form

---

Will keep your soul from any harm,  
But still you seem to have the choice  
To follow them or follow Kal.  
When forms of any type appear,  
Repeat the Names as He has taught,  
Then forms of Kal will disappear,  
But the True Form will lead you on.  
Keep the attention in the Shabd  
When inner sights of beauty rare  
Would turn you from the narrow path,  
To tarry as you have done here.  
Great powers you gain as you progress,  
And have two ways the powers to use;  
They can be spilt upon the ground,  
Poured out as fast as they are gained,  
By word or act that you may use  
To gain attention to yourself.  
Or you may store them safe inside  
Till thousand-fold they multiply  
To give the strength and courage which,  
The soul will need to cast Kal out,  
To grind the ego into dust,  
And merge at last as One with Him.

Often is the question asked —  
“Does jiva search, or Master call?  
Who is the one responsible  
When such a meeting does occur;  
When a few, among the billions,  
Arrive at last at Master’s feet?”  
The answer from the Sat Guru  
Is, “We must search and He must call.”  
Without His call, we can not search,  
Without our search, He will not call.  
A paradox perhaps, but true;  
Alike the question of free will.  
From our position — looking up,  
To regions hard to comprehend,

---

We have the choice, are free to act,  
Will follow Master if we wish.  
But from the Region of Sat Nam  
As He on creation looks down,  
All is His Will, all His command;  
A time is fixed for every soul  
When it a Master has to meet!

Perhaps our understanding fails  
When TIME we try to comprehend.  
For we are told that time exists  
Only within the realms of Kal.  
Until Par Brahm we can attain  
The Reality we will not know.  
From that perspective we will see  
That what God has said — truly is.  
He wills — and that which He wills — IS.  
Only to our limited mind  
Does time assume such vast import;  
And, only in that dimension,  
Will thought and action influence  
Soul's progress to the destined goal.

---

He calls us Home, and come we must;  
But in terms of this world's measure,  
Four life times may the journey take.  
Master instructs, we listen not.  
In the next life we will return  
To a life more spiritual,  
To circumstances suitable  
For Master's seed to sprout and grow.  
If still, attachments to this world  
Are not o'ercome at time of death,  
A third or fourth return is made.  
But by this time, thru Love and Grace,  
No further choice is left the Soul;  
Then every act and every thought



---

Is toward the single goal of Home.

But why should soul four lifetimes take,  
With such a goal inevitable?  
Why linger in this darksome world,  
Once given knowledge of the Way?  
Besides the Master's loving Grace,  
Two things there are which set this time:  
Karma — both stored and newly made,  
And meditation as prescribed.  
The karmic load we newly make,  
By daily living in His will,  
Is cared for in a moment brief  
As we do daily meditate.  
The karmic load we newly make,  
In disobedience to His will,  
By lustful act, or food and drink  
Of nature which He has forbade,  
Must needs be added to the load  
Which binds us to the wheel of Fate.

If we this load would burn away  
And end this wearisome round of births,  
Bhajan and Simran are the fuel  
And Master gives the spark of fire.  
At least one tenth of every day  
Spent in attendance to this fire  
Will bit by bit consume that load,  
Release that weight upon the Soul,  
Till it can stay above this plane  
And soar, at last, to its Real Home.

Grace and Effort are the two wings  
Which giveth soul the power of flight.  
His Grace to the marked sheep is given,  
The Effort they in turn must make.  
So, live each day within His Will  
In food and drink, in thought and deed;  
And one tenth of the time devote

---

In meditation on His form.  
Keep too, the Simran rolling on  
Thru every moment of the day.  
Do every act as you would do  
If He were standing by your side,  
For know, in truth, He is, HE IS.

---

Philosophers in every age  
Have 'good' and 'bad' tried to define,  
And filled their books with twisted words  
That only they could understand.  
The sociologist confounds,  
With evidence beyond refute,  
That every act we label 'good'  
Is, to some other group, taboo.  
And what to us is 'evil', which  
Would lead to punishment in hell,  
To some society is 'good'  
Because it does their needs fulfill.  
To answer what is 'good' and 'bad'  
The goal must first be understood —  
Rewards, in this world or the next,  
Or return to the Soul's true Home?  
Truly we cannot criticize  
The thinker or the scientist  
For errors, when they had no grasp  
Of what mankind's true goal should be.  
Until we're told by one whose been  
To lands beyond the one we know,  
How can we know that such exist,  
And that this land is not our Home?  
Unless the Master's call we hear,  
Unless the Soul by God is marked,  
We think and act full satisfied  
With rewards of the worldly kind.  
But when God sends a Sat Guru  
To tell us of the Soul's true Home,

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To tell us how to cut the ties  
Which bind us to this lower world;  
No more must we depend upon  
The thoughts of those who do not know,  
Or guide our lives in reference to  
Those acts which keep men bound to Kal.  
For thru His Grace we understand  
The wheel of life to which we're bound,  
The nature of the Divine Soul,  
The Path to follow back to Him.

So now, to 'good' and 'bad' define,  
We can specific reference give —  
Is it a thought or word or deed  
Which tighter to this world of Kal  
Binds us with chains of iron or gold;  
Or is it done with Him in mind,  
So thought or deed no karma makes,  
But rather leads us back to Him?  
Now when there is a choice to make,  
Or one is asked to give advice,  
You can be sure an act is 'good'  
If it is done as Master would;  
If it is done in such a way  
That we no further debt create,  
And with the thought at every step,  
'Tis really His work that we do.

The Mills of God grind slow, 'tis said,  
But they do grind exceeding fine.  
Call it karma — cause and effect —  
Call it action and reaction —  
Each thought and act in motion set  
Will go full circle and return.  
Unlike Newton's laws of motion,  
The time it takes can not be fixed  
Between the cause and its effect;  
Nor can the doer depend upon



---

Some celestial law of friction  
To reduce by one iota  
The force of that original act;  
When the stringent law of karma,  
At the time assigned by Kal,  
In the manner he determines,  
Rebalances the old account.

---

Kal has time and space to play with  
And guards his store of souls with care.  
Keeps them bound with chains of karma,  
Keeps them blinded by the passions,  
Keeps them entranced by the senses.  
When the burden gets too heavy,  
Gives them solace of religion,  
And the promise of redemption  
In some vague, future, afterlife.  
Carefully he keeps them ignorant,  
Of the Wheel of Transmigration,  
Of the Law of Awagawan;  
Lets them think — all is forgiven  
When this short life comes to an end.

Such deception is not practiced  
By Master on those He accepts.  
No promise, if they but “believe”,  
The Lord will all their sins forgive.  
His teachings make it very clear  
That His disciples still must pay  
For each act done against His will,  
And all that karma which at birth  
Became our fate for this lifetime,  
Will come to pass at proper time.  
We earned it, and the debt must pay,  
But if we keep our thoughts on Him,  
And meditate as He directs,  
We find that all can be endured

---

Without the pain that others have  
Who lack the Living Master's aid.  
And Master now has full control  
Of all that karma we accrued,  
But have not paid in prior lives,  
And still is charged to our account.  
By meditation daily done  
With love and patience — by His grace —  
Page after page of this record  
Is torn out — marked "paid in full".  
And if we live within His will,  
What would have been a fatal stab  
Becomes, at worst, a needle's prick.

Some pray for health or change of luck,  
That this may come — or that may go.  
Those who are wise accept His Will,  
Let not their ego enter in,  
But look at pleasure and at pain  
As being, equally, His Gifts.  
Then when this life comes to a close  
You find, that true to His promise,  
A place has been prepared for you,  
Among the mansions of the Lord,  
Most suited to the work which you  
Must yet perform to get release.  
There Master still His guidance gives  
And bit by bit the work is done,  
Till the soul higher still can fly  
Unhindered by that age-old weight.  
Then Master takes it to Par Brahm  
And bathes the Soul in Mansovar  
Till clean at last, with brilliant light,  
'Tis welcomed to its Home — Sat Lok.

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## V THE LIVING MASTER

Can we ever know a Master,  
Ever really understand Him;  
Grasp in full the Love and Power  
Represented by this Being?  
Even after half a life time  
Can you know your spouse's thoughts?  
Can a blind man know the sunset  
Or deaf man hear the nightingale?  
Can the simple footsore farmer  
Enjoy the weightlessness of space,  
Or the fearful white tail rabbit  
Move with the lion's powerful grace?  
These are but the simple limits  
Of the body and of the mind;  
When we try to speak of Spirit  
We lack language, lack the thought forms,  
So necessary to describe  
How and where and when it functions  
And to what glories it can rise.

Yet we try to say that Master  
Is this — or that — in worldly terms;  
Or we gaze upon a picture  
And say we love this outer form.  
Only when we make some progress  
On the inner spiritual path,  
Can our mind begin to realize  
The infinite it cannot grasp.  
Only when the dim perception  
Permitted to our finite mind  
Penetrates the inner regions,  
And sees at last His Shabd Form,  
Can the mind begin to fathom  
How little it can understand!  
When He our ego takes away,



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Which binds the soul and blinds its eye,  
When He lets us see the wonders  
Of the Regions of Par Brahm,  
Then by the direct perception  
Of the Soul, now freed from mind,  
Can the soul begin to fathom  
How much there is to understand!

Yet we must for worldly purpose,  
Knowing we but scratch the surface,  
Give the world a worldly picture  
Of what we know of God as man.  
Know ye that, throughout all ages,  
Have there been Masters here on earth;  
For it is a law of nature  
That such a hunger will be fed  
By the hands of Living Masters,  
Not by dependence on one dead.  
And the teachings as They give them  
Are the same 'cross space and time,  
Are the same in every language,  
Same for every creed and color,  
Same for every man and woman —  
God does not measure in these terms.  
Masters taught in ancient Egypt,  
Taught in China and in Persia,  
Taught before the sacred Ganges  
Began to flow into the sea;  
Long before recorded history,  
God came to man as He does now.

There is truly but one Master  
In many forms to fit our needs —  
Christ He was, and Guru Nanak,  
Kabir Sahib, Maulvi Rum,  
Peter too, and Guru Arjan;  
Rich or poor, as man or woman,  
Unlimited by caste or creed;

---

Masters come where they are needed  
By men of faith who will receive.

---

Master always is the Giver,  
Always is the gracious giver,  
Always He makes His own living,  
And never takes from anyone!  
His simple needs, met by earnings  
From His labors, not charity.  
Master always is the Giver,  
All His teachings are given free,  
Just like Nature's other bounties  
As sunlight, water and the air.  
One who claims to be a master  
And will accept a gift or fee,  
Is himself a slave of Maya  
And cannot give the gift of Nam.

---

Omnipotent is a Master,  
No limit to what He can do;  
Yet all credit for what happens,  
To those guided by His Grace,  
He ascribes unto His Master,  
Or to the Will of Sat Purush.  
His ornaments — humility,  
And prayer unto the Sat Guru,  
Are all the needed ornaments  
To identify a Master,  
To mark Him Who is truly great.

No public miracles performed  
To thus attract an audience,  
But miracles are sometimes seen  
By disciples who Grace receive.  
His miracles are never used  
To lure a soul unto the path.

---

He has no need for such a lure;  
The call is by a greater power!

---

Omniscient too is the Master,  
He looks upon us and He knows!  
Knows because transparent are we  
To the power of His gaze.  
What He does see, He secret keeps,  
But in His everloving way  
Will guide us as He sees our needs  
To do those things which must be done  
To make good progress on the Path.

He's like the potter at the wheel  
Who knows the shape to be achieved  
And, with one guiding hand inside,  
The other gently slaps to shape  
The clay of which the pot is made.  
Some days we cry out at the slaps  
So given by His powerful hand,  
Forgetting to depend upon  
The support of that inner one;  
For know — the pot will never break  
While in this Master Potter's care.  
He knows our karma and our needs,  
He knows our every thought and deed.  
And as the shepherd guides his sheep,  
Despite their weak and foolish ways,  
He guides disciples back to Home  
By His infinite Love and Care.

---

Omnipresent is the Master  
Although we lack the eyes to see.  
Tho we take the wings of morning  
And in the uttermost sea dwell,  
There He is with us and guides us,



---

Without the need for sight or speech.  
Soul unto soul is His contact,  
The language of Love does He speak,  
And He — to impart His teachings —  
Sees without eyes, what He would see,  
Hears without ears, what He would hear,  
Walks without feet, where He would walk,  
Works without hands, what He would work,  
Speaks without tongue, what He would speak,  
Knows God's Law, and is One with Him.

Search for Him not in the forest  
Or in any structure man-made,  
Search for Him only within you  
In the temple which God has made.  
Then finding that He is within you  
With his power to see and hear,  
Before you think or act or speak  
Pause — consider most carefully —  
Would you do that if He were here?  
What if He were here beside you  
With your thought writ clearly to see;  
Hearing speech that rings with anger,  
Seeing acts that He should not see?  
Act always as in His presence,  
For in truth He is ALWAYS HERE!

---

But we were trying to describe  
The Master in His worldly garb.  
How does His Love manifest here,  
How day by day in outward form  
Do we observe this attribute?  
When in His presence, one observes  
A man of patience, despite stress.  
Tho foolish may a question seem,  
Tho anger or insult be given,  
All treated are with full respect.

---

When in His presence, one observes  
The wonder of Humility.  
No claim makes He to godlike power,  
No claim to knowledge beyond ours,  
And all that's done does He ascribe  
To His Guru, or Sat Purush.  
No claim to save the world makes He,  
No part would play in politics.  
The only language He does speak  
Is the language of God's true Love.

In short, if we could act and think  
As His example teaches us,  
The bonds of anger, lust and greed,  
Attachment's chains, and vanity,  
Which block our way to inner worlds,  
Would crumble all, would fall away.  
Then in their place would ring the Shabd,  
Would shine that wondrous Inner Light,  
And with our hand in His firm grip  
We would traverse the Path to Home.

---

## VI THE STUDENT

When a marked soul the journey starts,  
When it responds to Master's call,  
The first stirring is subconscious,  
But a feeble, faint awakening  
Of the power of the soul.  
As it stirs, there comes a feeling  
Of something missing in this world,  
Of a need that worldly pleasures  
Do not and cannot satisfy.  
Pushed by this urge to answers find  
The seeker reads, and asks, and prays.  
Sometimes, for years, pain builds slowly,  
In others, almost overnight  
An intense dissatisfaction  
Cries: "Soul, this world is not your home".  
Soon or late, by fate of karma,  
Perhaps from search in prior life,  
By the Grace of Living Master  
To the wondrous Feet of Master  
Comes this seeker of the Light.  
When we say the 'Feet of Master'  
It means His omnipresent form,  
For He knows all cannot travel  
To be near Him at the Dera;  
Nor do time and space allow Him  
To come in person to our homes.  
Far more surely comes His spirit,  
With the power of the Shabd,  
To the seeker's understanding  
With assurance — here is the Light.  
Then the seeker comes in contact  
With other souls upon the Path,  
Who gave him the worldly guidance  
To the books and to the satsangs,  
To the answers he is seeking  
About the nature of the Path.



---

Three things now He asks the seeker  
To mold into his way of life;  
Three key things to pledge and practice,  
Essential to the spiritual life.  
These He asks not arbitrarily,  
But full reasons gives for each.  
If the seeker is not ready  
For these most simple disciplines,  
He most surely is not ready  
To face the work that lies ahead.

So the Master tells the seeker —  
Take no life above the plant world  
For your daily sustenance,  
Lest the heavy debt of killing  
Requires yet another life.

Do not damage mind and body  
By using mind expanding drugs;  
Do not lose God-given reason  
Thru use of alcoholic drinks.  
Sant Mat makes the mind soul's servant,  
Their use will keep the soul a slave!

Thirdly, be ye man or woman  
Stay within the marital bonds.  
Treat one older as a parent,  
As a sibling, one your own age;  
Treat one younger as your child,  
Look on no one with thoughts of lust.  
If you let the lust of body  
Enslave the mind and bind the soul,  
Never can you end the karmas  
That keep you on this wheel of Death.  
Master does encourage marriage  
For all those who are so inclined,  
But this must be legal wedlock,  
Within the laws of God and Man.

---

If the seeker can these precepts  
Accept and hold for half a year,  
He is fit to ask the Master  
For that wondrous gift of Nam.  
Those who come to Him in India  
Can ask in person for this Gift,  
And they stand direct before Him,  
The proud, the humble and the weak.  
He can clearly see the nature  
Of each seeker's mind and soul.  
Are they ready for this treasure,  
Or are they still the slaves of Kal?  
He may ask a simple question  
To tell the seeker what He sees;  
Then, with a nod, his fate decrees.  
Those not ready are rejected  
But may return another time,  
When they are more truly ready,  
When the burden of their karmas  
Is less a load for Him to bear.

For the ones whom He accepted  
That day of days is now at hand  
When the Lord will lift their bondage,  
Take upon Himself their karmas,  
And pay their ransom unto Kal.

They are given the instructions  
By Master and His sevadars,  
To begin the inner journey  
On that bright pathway back to God.  
And the Radiant Form of Master  
Takes its place in each disciple,  
Takes its place at the eye center,  
Ready there to meet and guide him,  
And take him Home at last to God.

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Those to whom the Master calleth  
In other countries of this world,  
Need not come to stand before Him  
To ask Him for the gift of Light.  
They by written application  
Do pledge and humbly entreat;  
Pledge to God that they will give Him  
One tenth the time of every day,  
Spent in loving meditation,  
Done in accordance with His Will;  
And the pledge of full obedience  
To the three vows described before.

To assure an understanding  
Of the meaning of these pledges,  
And to answer any questions  
The seeker has about Sant Mat,  
Master asks that some satsangi,  
Who has studied well His teachings,  
Spend some hours with each seeker,  
Help those who will make the effort —  
Dissuade others who are seeking  
That which is foreign to Sant Mat.  
The true seeker's applicataion  
Then is forwarded to Dera,  
Where the Living Master sees it;  
He, Whom God has sent as Shepherd  
Of this widely scattered flock,  
Welcomes the marked sheep to pasture,  
Or says, "No. Ask another time."

---

For those with the great good fortune  
To be guided to this pasture,  
To be so welcomed to His flock,  
Still must needs receive instruction  
Which the Master giveth only  
To those accepted on the Path.



---

One who represents the Master,  
Near to where the seeker lives,  
Can with His express permission  
Read to those the Master chooses  
Words so simple, yet so profound.  
Words which tell of Light and Music,  
Words which tell the new disciple  
Why, when, and how to meditate,  
Names which are the keys so wondrous,  
Which are the simran of Sant Mat.  
All the words to make one welcome  
Into the Master's family.

'Tis not the representative —  
'Tis Master who initiates,  
And the real initiation  
Is not the hearing of these words,  
For they may be soon forgotten,  
Or only partly understood.  
No, the real initiation  
Is more profound than any words —  
Such that from this moment onward  
That soul will never be the same.  
Now the soul belongs to Master,  
And its remaining karmic load  
Will be portioned out by Master,  
Rather than by the rules of Kal.

---

Even tho he leaves the Master,  
And strays in this life from Sant Mat,  
Master does not him abandon,  
Master does not him forget;  
For at the initiation  
The Master's pledge was duly made —  
To take that soul unto Sat Lok,  
To guide that soul the whole long way.  
The Good Shepherd never letteth

---

One single lamb to fall away,  
Even tho the lamb denies Him,  
Lured again to Kal's temptations;  
Even tho no effort follows  
The soul's acceptance in His flock.  
When Death calls the soul from body  
And Kal's minions that soul would seize,  
Master is there to protect it,  
To keep it from the Court of Death;  
For that soul belongs to Master,  
He alone will judge its fate.  
So, with tender, loving kindness  
The wayward soul another birth  
Takes amid such circumstances  
That the soul's progress is assured.  
Again, in time, to Master's feet  
This soul is guided by the Shabd;  
For the Master still is with it,  
Tho He too may change His body  
Before that soul is born again.  
Now the pull of Kal's temptations  
Is more easily resisted,  
Now the inward pull of Shabd  
Lures this soul to meditation,  
And to real progress on the Path.

---

Five evils chain man to this world,  
Five virtues help these chains to break.  
Before we can much progress make  
We must, thru effort and His Grace,  
The virtues grow till they displace  
The evils and their dangerous friends.  
Masters identify these five  
That we may guard against their ways,  
And make such efforts as we can  
To make the virtues part of us.

---

Lust is the first to guard against.  
All carnal appetites that bind  
Attention to the body's wants  
Make soul and mind the body's slave.  
Its need for food and drink and warmth  
Are very different from its lusts.  
The body's needs are quickly met,  
Its lusts are never satisfied.  
Any excess beyond real need,  
The hedonistic way of life,  
Degrades the temple of the Lord,  
And as it feeds upon itself  
Demands a less than human form  
When soul returns in its next birth.  
The Master's way does not deny  
The power of these appetities,  
But gives them Nam to feed upon,  
So the disciple gradually  
Learns self control, a quiet restraint,  
Makes chastity a way of life,  
Till all can see that here is one  
Who keeps the body clean and pure,  
A fitting temple for the Lord.

---

Could we but see the wounds we make  
In body, mind and to the soul,  
When anger flares, and boils and bites  
In response to the world's small cares,  
We would make sure it never found  
Its way into our daily life.  
Anger a fatal cancer is  
To progress on the spiritual path,  
Due to the karmic load it builds  
From thoughts and acts which we perform  
Under the spur of this foul fiend.  
When anger is in charge of mind,



---

There is no way to guard against  
Inflicting wounds which ages hence  
In our account are still unpaid.  
There is no way to guard against  
The power of this friend of Kal  
Save to a shield of tolerance  
Weave from the Master's gift of Nam.  
Then, with practice and with Grace,  
We learn to use this shield to turn  
The barbs, both innocent and sharp,  
Which otherwise would strike the spark  
That reason blinds and anger lights.  
And safe behind this glowing shield,  
Which lights the darkness of the world,  
The mind and soul begin to see  
The source and reason for these barbs.  
Then as the understanding grows,  
We can with forgiveness reach out  
And make that touch from soul to soul  
That dulls the barb before it's sent.  
At last, that mirror of the mind  
Is cleaned and polished to the point  
That it reflects, for all to see,  
Only the love that comes from Him.  
Then no dark beam, in Anger's name,  
Comes to or goes from such a one,  
But all is peace and harmony,  
All is our living in His Will.

---

The next two evils form a pair  
Which bind to the material plane,  
And keep us slaving all our lives  
For dross which we must leave behind.  
Greed and Attachment they are named,  
And with great skill they keep the mind  
Involved with pleasures of this world,

---

So it will not devote the time  
To treasures of a lasting kind.  
Greed says, "Oh just a little more  
Of this, or that, for comfort's sake,  
And then I'll let you spend the time  
On things which do not interest me."  
But such a list of wants it has  
That man soon finds his life has passed,  
And naked from this world he goes  
With naught of value for his pains.  
When greed has driven us something  
To buy, or steal, or take by force,  
Attachment then assures that we  
Shall guard it with our very life;  
Shall scheme and worry, lie and kill  
To keep these baubles in our grasp;  
With ne're a thought of the true cost  
Which soul in other lives must pay.  
Another trick attachment plays,  
Hiding behind the mask of 'love',  
Is, to our relatives and friends,  
So bind us that our lives are linked  
From birth to birth by karma's chains.  
Then when another fails to do  
That which our mind has said is right,  
Attachment turns this 'love' to hate,  
And, lo, another link is forged.

These evils too are put in place  
By power of Nam, and Master's grace.  
Greed for more of the worldly things,  
Attachment to the load we have,  
Will bit by bit be overcome  
As meditation teaches us  
Discrimination to apply.  
As that sweet melody of Nam  
Such an attachment generates  
That interest wanes in worldly things.

---

So Master uses mind's own force  
To painlessly detach it from  
Those things which bind it unto Kal.  
Then, able to the difference see  
'Tween worldly dross and the true gold,  
One perfectly content becomes  
With what his karmic fate may bring;  
And spends his effort and his time  
In storing treasure he may keep,  
That treasure of the Shabd and Nam.

---

The fifth evil is Vanity,  
The first to come the last to go!  
When ages past the soul emerged  
At creation from out the ONE,  
It saw itself as different from  
Each other soul; and as for God,  
It soon forgot that it had come  
From out of Him, and must return.  
Its whole descent to this low plane  
Served at each step to reinforce  
The feeling of its separateness.  
And so the ego grows and swells  
Till thoughts of God and Home are gone,  
Till ego says there is no need  
For any help, for any guide.  
Tho if at times life is too hard  
It may consent to make a bribe,  
A gift or prayer to some small god,  
A pittance spent with the strange thought  
That one can buy and sell with Him.

So lost and blind we wander on,  
Till for some reason still not known  
God reaches out and touches us.  
God in the Living Master's form  
Tells us that soul is part of Him,



---

Tells us there is a pathway back,  
And with the gift of Nam, He gives  
Soul power to break the Ego's grip.  
The pathway home too narrow is  
For both the Ego and its guide,  
But soul, with Ego stripped away,  
Can in the Master's powerful grip  
The narrow path and precipice  
In full safety negotiate.

Thru meditation, gradually,  
The flower of humility  
Does bud, then swell, and at last bloom.  
Then, in place of our vanity,  
We seek to merge the soul again  
Into the Oneness that is Him.  
As ego gradually declines,  
The soul's bright light begins to shine,  
And one begins to understand  
That loss of Ego does not dim  
The splendor of the soul of man;  
But rather lets its beauty true  
Shine and be seen by other men.  
Such is this real humility,  
Which Master shows us by His mien,  
Which slowly we can make our own  
If we will live as He directs.  
At last, we truly understand  
The only gift that we can give  
Is of the naked soul itself;  
With no reserve, with no restraint,  
With full acceptance of His Will.  
Then we may merge again with Him,  
And turn from being just a drop  
To being the vast ocean's self.

---

## VII THE SATSANGI

How then does a satsangi live  
Who listens well to Master's words?  
How does he guide his daily steps,  
How does he still the wandering mind?

With devotion to Sat Purush,  
The sublime, beautiful, perfect,  
Creator of the Universe.

With devotion to God only,  
As all, but God, is transient  
And not worthy of devotion.

With detachment, by attachment  
To the Shabd and the Master.  
As childhood dolls were put away  
And love to spouse and children given,  
So now, the stronger pull of Shabd  
Does loose the wordly ties and bonds.

With careful discrimination  
Between the true and transient;  
So the objects and relations  
Of a passing worldly nature,  
Are in proper perspective held  
As things we gladly leave behind.  
Carry out the wordly duties,  
But keep the Soul attached to God.

Perform all acts without desire  
That the results accrue to you;  
For be they good, or be they bad,  
The karma will be added too!  
Act always without self interest —  
Laying all actions at His Feet;  
Suppress the Ego, keep in mind,  
God is the doer, and His the fruit.

---

Earn your own living — honestly.  
Build not more debt by taking that  
Which others earned and you did beg,  
But be content with what you earn,  
By honest means He would approve.  
Do each day's work with the same love  
You would bestow on work for Him,  
For then, in truth, it will be His.

Think, talk, and act so that you may  
Never another's feelings hurt.  
Take care that in no overt way  
You would cause pain to other hearts.  
You may not see the bleeding wound,  
Or know that fear and hate may spring  
From just the arrow of a thought  
In anger sped from out your mind.  
And yet, the Masters tell us true,  
That thoughts can as much damage do  
As knife or club, as tooth or claw,  
To sender and recipient.

Keep watch on tongue that it may say  
No word of anger or abuse  
To bring dispute or suffering,  
Where love instead would win the day.  
Consider — what would Master say?  
He'd not demand an eye for eye,  
But give calm, patient, forgiveness  
To end the turmoil and the strife.  
Know that, where true forgiveness is,  
The Lord is there with His mercy;  
Hate brings but hate back in return,  
While Love will bring the fruits of Love.  
A life time effort it may take,  
A Master's grace it surely takes,  
To get the ego in control;  
So when upon your head is dumped



---

A load of this world's hate or trash,  
You can in full forgiveness say,  
To him who caused the load to drop,  
"Thanks, may God's grace upon you be."

Share what you earn with those in need,  
Expecting not this world's reward.  
Shine bright the mirror of thy soul  
So you reflect His love to all,  
Then are you ready to return  
To that great Love of Sat Purush.

No matter how fate may you treat,  
Tho friend desert, and hope be dashed,  
Tho fear and want beset your path,  
Tho care and pain immerse the mind;  
Thru meditation of the Lord  
Soul's calm and peace you can attain.  
As in the lovely Psalm it says:  
In Heaven lay your treasure up  
Where neither moth nor rust corrupt,  
Where thieves do not break thru nor steal;  
For truly where your treasure is,  
Lo, there also, will your heart be.

---

Many religions call upon  
Their followers to pay a tithe —  
One tenth their earnings to the church,  
With reward in the after life.  
The Masters too tell us to tithe,  
To give one tenth of every day,  
To spend this time in the Lord's Love,  
To meditate as He directs.  
So we do sit, and try to keep  
The mind as still as it must be,  
And find that it will not behave  
But chases every will o' wisp

---

Till the disciple wonders if  
The mind can ever be kept still.  
Three senses are the cause of this —  
The tongue which talks unto the world,  
The eyes which do its objects see,  
The ears which all its voices hear.  
Hour after hour, day after day,  
Year after year, life after life,  
These senses pour into our minds  
The turmoil of the outer world.  
Then in a brief tenth of the day  
We try to turn this inside out,  
To stop the endless play of mind  
And have the bliss of inner peace.

Such change is not an easy task,  
And even with our best efforts  
We might not see in this lifetime  
The gain we think is due to us.  
But never feel that such efforts  
Do not produce a real effect.  
Each step we take, Master to meet,  
His love is such that ten He takes  
To meet and welcome us inside.  
We work, and yet no progress see  
Because we lack the vision to  
See whence we came, and how far yet  
We must thru this black tunnel dig,  
Before we to the Light break thru.  
Just do your best each single day,  
Have faith in Him who is the Light,  
And remember that come what may,  
There are no failures in Sant Mat!

---

What time of day to meditate,  
The new disciple often asks.

---

The Master sets no rigid rule  
But says, "Day is for the world's work,  
Night for devotion to the Lord."  
The last three hours of the night  
The time of Elixir are called;  
The time for remembrance of God,  
When mind and body are refreshed  
And the world silent is, and calm,  
Then are lovers of God awake  
And in the hues of His Love dyed.  
So do not sleep throughout the night,  
But catch the Sound Current of Nam  
And spend these early morning hours  
Where the Beloved waits within.  
And then the Master also says —  
When you arise to go to work  
To take again the daily cares,  
Do not forget to do simran.  
Do the world's work with hands and feet,  
But keep remembrance of the Lord;  
Just as the ceaseless ocean wave,  
Let simran of the Soul roll on.  
The idle rambling of the mind  
O'er all the good and bad of life,  
Must be replaced, must be washed out  
By repetition of the Names.  
By simran done with every breath  
Inseparable from Him become,  
So that the inner peace and bliss  
Are with you both the day and night.

---

"Ask and it shall be given you,  
Seek and ye shall find, knock and it  
Shall open unto you," He says.  
And yet we know that oft we ask  
And yet do not receive. We seek,



---

We knock, our heads in prayer we bow,  
And yet the Lord, despite His pledge,  
Does not our every wish fulfill.  
What means He then when He does say  
That we should pray, and so believe;  
Why some prayers grant, and others not,  
When all are sent to Him with Love?  
Master tells us that when we pray  
For things we would in time regret,  
Which would involve us more and more  
In lustful pleasures of this world,  
Or would, when in His balance weighed,  
Wherein the whole impact is known,  
Be harmful to His scheme of things,  
Thru mercy, He the gift withholds.  
So many things we pray to have,  
So many pains we pray would pass,  
But if we could the whole plan see  
We would but thank Him for what is.  
Better our ignorance to plead,  
Ask only for what He thinks best,  
And then — no matter what He gives —  
Be happy in whate'er He wills.

What is the need for us to pray  
When God already knows our needs,  
When He withholds what would be bad  
Yet gives when we forget to pray?  
Some prayer can even do us harm;  
If we confess our sins in prayer  
And think them thereby washed away  
So we may go and sin some more!  
He knows our needs before we pray;  
He gives us more than we deserve;  
No need there is for us to beg  
Or tell Him of our hidden fears.  
Far greater purpose has the Lord

---

In teaching us to bow in prayer.  
The prayers do not His mercy change,  
But our humility and faith  
Felt in the attitude of prayer  
Can bring us into harmony  
With that great current of His Love,  
And bring surrender to His Will.  
So prayer is not to make Him act  
The way we think the world should be,  
But to connect us to the Lord  
So we may act as He does wish;  
To bring us bliss and happiness  
Thru understanding of His Love,  
To bring us strength to undergo  
The pain and fear that life may bring.

---

In difficulty, we should pray  
For answers to our problems,  
And when it is our fate to bear —  
Pray for the strength to meet the pain.  
When our efforts show some success,  
Pray for His mercy and His Love  
To keep our ego in its place.  
Then when our efforts, and His grace,  
Do yield results which satisfy  
The heart's desire in all respects,  
In thankfulness and gratitude  
Sacrifice all in prayer to Him.

It does not matter where we pray,  
In home or garden, mosque or church,  
Among a crowd or all alone,  
For all this world a temple is  
If we will pray as He instructs.  
He says to enter the body  
Shutting all its outer doors;  
Open your heart to the Lord within

---

And in secret to your Father pray.  
One should not make a verbal prayer  
For all to hear and complement,  
Or just recite another's prayer  
Without its coming from our heart,  
For this becomes the ego's way  
Of keeping soul and God apart.  
Beauty of word or perfect phrase  
Is not demanded by the Lord.  
The need is for the cry to come  
From heart and soul, from deep within,  
With inner feelings so aroused  
That Love pours forth unto the Lord.  
With the tongue of the soul cry out,  
With fire of love that burns away  
All barriers 'tween thee and Him,  
With faith that He already knows,  
Submit your humble prayer to Him  
In full submission to His Will.

The truest prayer comes from the soul,  
When lost in meditation deep,  
Without the tongue, without the mind,  
In presence of His Radiant Form,  
We ask Him for Himself alone.  
Then with full knowledge of His Grace,  
With full surrender to the Lord,  
Take refuge at His Holy Feet.

---

So Master says, and says, and says —  
"Do your work and do not worry."  
He posts our work to our account  
And gives His pledge to take us Home.  
He tells us how to make the time,  
Spent learning how to meditate,  
Productive in our spiritual growth.



---

He tells us, "Use that power of speech  
In simran of the Holy Names,  
And use that power of the eye's sight  
In contemplation of His Form,  
While with that hearing of the ears  
You listen to the Sound Current."

Then when you sit to meditate,  
The repetition of the Names  
With the attention of the mind,  
Acts as a ladder to the realms  
Where you receive the Grace of God.  
Keep the attention of the mind  
Just to right of the eye center,  
And the five Holy Names repeat  
Slowly, with love and devotion.  
Take care that when attention turns  
To outward problems of the world,  
That it is quickly brought again  
To the third eye. Keep all else out  
But the longing for God alone  
Which, with His Grace, will then assure  
The soul withdrawing from the world.

He tells us, "Use the power of speech  
In simran of the Holy Names,  
And use the power of the eye's sight  
In contemplation of His Form. —"  
Very natural is it that you  
Make mental pictures of your thoughts.  
You close your eyes, and yet still see  
The objects on which your heart dwells.  
And if these objects worldly be,  
Such contemplation further binds  
Mind and soul to this creation —  
To the endless awagawan.  
Therefore, the scriptures emphasize  
The need to contemplate the Form

---

Of the wondrous Living Master,  
Of One who is ONE with the Lord.  
When you sit in meditation,  
And can but darkness see within,  
Contemplate the form of Master  
To keep the mind from running out.  
Slowly the soul will be withdrawn  
From the senses and go within,  
Will cross the stars, the sun and moon —  
Till it His Radiant Form beholds.  
Now, when this Form appears within,  
So fix attention on It that  
You in that form completely merge.  
What you dwell on — that you become,  
Worshiped and worshiper are one.

“ — While with the hearing of the ears  
You listen to the Sound Current.”  
By now 'tis clear that when we speak  
Of the tongue, the eyes, and ears,  
'Tis not the organs external  
We use to speak and see and hear,  
But senses of finer nature  
Now quickened by the Master's touch.  
We still the tongue, His name to speak,  
We close the eyes His form to see,  
And we must block the outer ears  
To hear the music of the Lord.  
As meditation does progress,  
By our effort and Master's Grace,  
We slowly learn to concentrate  
By repetition of the Names,  
And then begin the mind to fix  
By contemplation on His form,  
Until, at last, the soul begins  
To hear the Melody Divine;  
To hear the Melody of Shabd

---

Which will the slumbering soul awake,  
Which does the universe sustain,  
Which sings the glory of the Lord.  
Ten thousand other paths to God  
Have seekers thru the ages tried,  
But, know ye, that without the Shabd  
No path escapes the net of Kal.  
This Shabd is called the Royal Road,  
And tho it rings in everyone  
It only manifests itself  
In those anointed by the Lord.  
'Tis not unlike the radio waves  
Which everywhere exist, but which  
Are only heard by man when caught  
By special circuits, tuned with care.  
And so does Master work with those  
The Lord has given to His care,  
To tune them gradually to hear  
The ceaseless melodies of Nam.  
This Shabd is the Water of Life  
Christ offered at the well, by which  
One's thirst would be forever quenched;  
Which is with one forever more.

Says Nanak, and all Sikh Gurus,  
"The Music plays at the tenth door  
And turns the mind from dross to gold,  
Kal cannot reach where Nam abides."  
'Twas taught by Muslim holy men  
For the past fourteen hundred years,  
Hafiz, Tabriz, Maulana Rum  
Taught their disciples Nam to hear.  
The peace which Buddha found and taught  
Came from His listening to this Sound.  
In ancient Egypt it was known  
And practiced by initiates.  
So, too, the Greek philosophers



---

Knew of the 'Music of the Spheres',  
And gave the name of the Logos  
To that which others call The Word.  
'Tis the Lost Word of the Masons,  
Whose masters lack the Master's touch;  
And in the ancient Chinese world  
The Master, Tao, taught 'The Way'.  
In the book of Zarasthustra,  
Known as the Zend Avesta,  
There is a prayer which says, "O Lord,  
Send Sharosha to him you love."  
The name by which he calls this power,  
From the same Sanskrit root as Shabd  
Which means, 'The power of the Lord  
Which can be heard by inner ear.'  
So in the writings of the Saints  
Of every age and every clime,  
We read the same message divine —  
"List to the Heavenly Sound within!"

---

The sounds first heard have been described  
By several names as they relate  
To sounds heard by the outer ear,  
Produced by nature or by man.  
In the beginning one will hear  
Humming of the bees or crickets,  
Ringing of bells, both large and small,  
And then the conch shell's ancient call;  
The booming of the kettle drum,  
And the street drum's sharper rattle,  
The sweetness of the flutes and reeds,  
The roaring of a lion.  
All these are but beginning sounds,  
But as this ceaseless music rings  
The mind and senses fall away  
And one begins to go inside.

---

There the true Shabd can be caught,  
The finer, and yet finer sounds.  
As intense concentration mounts,  
The Sound Itself begins to pull.  
Five Regions are there to be crossed,  
Five sounds the Shabd does assume;  
As does the song of mountain brook  
Change in descent to plain and sea.  
And tho we try these sounds to name  
As being like the bell or conch,  
No words of man begin to tell  
The beauty of these songs of God.  
The pull of Shabd now grows full strong  
With power to break our worldly bonds.  
From it comes strength to conquer lust,  
Anger, attachment, greed and pride;  
Then freed from these five enemies  
The soul soars upward toward its Home,  
As form and melody of Shabd  
Come from and then return to Him.

---

Now soul knows by experience  
What was before on faith taken,  
Knows by direct experience  
The truths of karma, life, and death,  
Can see into the prior lives  
Which set the pattern of its fate,  
And see — most wonderful of all —  
The nature of its Sat Guru;  
See how the Rulers of each land,  
Which the soul crosses on its way,  
Bow to the Master's Radiant Form  
As humble servants of the King.  
And know why it was told on Earth,  
"You call on none but Sat Guru,"  
And does proclaim to all it meets,

---

“The sweetest words are Sat Guru.”

At last that mystery of death,  
Which has brought fear in every life,  
Is by direct perception seen  
And understood for what it is.  
Now soul in meditation does  
Experience what has been called,  
By Christian saint of long ago,  
The wonder of ‘dying daily’.  
Each day with Master as its guide  
The soul does from the body pass;  
Leaving the silver cord uncut,  
Returns when meditation’s done;  
And by this transformation does  
Realize what we call ‘life’, to soul  
Is death; and death in worldly terms,  
Is life unto the soul again.  
As step by step the soul unwraps  
The bodies which so weigh it down,  
Its Light again begins to shine  
And it to constant Love returns.  
The fear of death no longer there,  
Nor yet the fear of rebirth here,  
But sure that when the cord is cut  
He will conduct us to Sach Khand.



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## VIII THE LOVER

What do we mean by this word Love?  
A thousand ways it could be used  
And still the meaning not be grasped.  
A thousand poets speak of love,  
Yet do not know of what they speak.  
The lofty words and love driven pen  
Of Cyrano de Bergerac,  
The love that Browning shared with us  
In 'Sonnets of the Portuguese',  
Do but describe a worldly love,  
A dim reflection of that Love  
That truly is the Love Divine.  
All worldly love you can conceive  
All brought together at one time,  
Would but a tiny droplet be  
In that endless, surging ocean  
That represents the Love of God.  
"Love divine all love excelling,  
Pure unbounded love Thou art",  
We sing, but do we understand?  
We cannot His Love understand  
Until a longing deep in us  
Does grow, and grow, and grow within  
Until it does all else eclipse,  
So no attraction of this world  
Can gain admittance to the mind.  
Then will our little outer love  
Become the Gold of ecstasy.

The touchstone of this alchemy,  
That turns mind's dross to shining gold,  
To each disciple has been given  
When welcomed into Master's fold.  
He told us then, that like the birds  
Who need two wings to soar in flight,  
We need our effort, and His Grace,

---

To soar upon the boundless current  
That rises up to Him as Love.  
Led by His Grace we meditate;  
Each day the repetition do,  
Each day the contemplation too,  
Till Grace and effort; effort, Grace,  
Combine to raise us to the point  
Wherein that wondrous Shabd Form  
Is fix'ed in our mind and heart.  
In worldly love, there're always two,  
In divine Love two cannot be,  
And that True Love at last we'll know  
When in that Divine Form we merge.

---

Master His call to seekers sends  
In language they can understand.  
Some, detailed explanation need  
To satisfy the power of mind.  
Others by Love alone are drawn  
And soul direct to Soul responds.  
Often will the Master travel  
To the mighty Himalaya,  
Called by love of His disciples  
In the lofty remote valleys,  
In the tiny town or village,  
Where the simple, patient hill folk  
Understand the Master's message  
As direct touch of soul to Soul.  
Often at initiation  
Of these love enraptured souls,  
Sound is heard and Light is seen  
As soon as they receive the Word.  
No long fight with mind and body  
Before the spirit enters in,  
Just the Master's grace and blessing  
For the journey to begin.

---

Once in such a remote village,  
When Master came to give satsang,  
And to give initiation  
To lovers ready for the Path,  
Snow still blocked the mountain passes  
And the long nights were bitter cold.  
Almost all the village adults  
Were members of the Master's fold,  
With love that did so reach and pull  
That He would make this long, hard trip  
To be with them, once every year.  
Perhaps by this same power pulled,  
But knowing that a Sat Guru  
Would in that mountain village be —  
A hundred miles, thru the snow,  
Thru mountain pass and narrow trail,  
Two women came with none to guide  
Save rumors of a Master's Love.  
Straight to His feet the two were led  
And without question, given Nam.  
Would that our love were half as strong,  
And that our minds would truth accept  
Without the years of argument,  
Would just accept — and then be calm.

When soul has seen a little light,  
Its ear a little music heard,  
The love for God begins to grow  
And love for world to pass away.  
When such a lover suffers loss  
Of worldly or material things,  
It causes him no pain at all,  
For anger and attachment go  
As Master lets the Shabd in.  
But should events conspire to  
Rob such a lover of the time  
For meditation on the Lord,



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For contemplation and for prayer  
To his beloved Master's Form,  
The loss would cause him immense pain;  
Like a poor fish from water held.  
The love he has for his Beloved  
Creates a hunger satisfied  
Only by meeting his Beloved,  
Only by seeing Him inside.  
The lover has but one desire —  
He asks from God only Himself,  
All else consumed in Love's bright fire.  
The lover longs for Him alone,  
Whatever happens is His gift,  
With simran always on the tongue,  
The Shabd's nectar ringing clear,  
There's full surrender to His Will.

---

Intense longing to meet the Lord  
Is felt before the Lord is met.  
For countless lives we longed for things  
Which bound us tighter to the world,  
And now at last this power is turned  
To pull us back again to Him.  
As surely, us the world absorbed,  
When on the world we spent our love,  
So surely in the Lord we'll merge  
When all that love and longing turn  
Into desire for Him alone.  
But separation sets a fire  
Which in the lover's heart does burn  
With pain which only he who burns,  
Or He who set the heart on fire,  
Can know and can appreciate.  
This fire burns from deep within  
And water in the form of tears  
Runs freely to the anguish still.  
No lover yet has met the Lord

---

Till after shedding many tears.  
Those tears of love, of longing deep,  
Are shed in joy as much as pain,  
Since longing surges as a wave  
Bringing the remembrance of Him;  
And such remembrance does in turn  
A wave of happiness create.  
And so the tears do wash away  
The dross of worldly thoughts and deeds,  
But yet cannot the fire quench  
For it is fueled by that great need —  
The need to see and be with Him —  
Which suffering will be relieved  
By Him alone when in His Grace  
He grants the lover his Darshan.

---

The Master says that, "Love alone  
Does count in the Court of the Lord",  
And, "When you one another love,  
All things are added unto you."  
When you experience true Love  
All pain and sadness pass away,  
No room for hate and anger left  
Within the mind that's filled with Love.  
And in the place of these old ills  
We feel the peace and happiness;  
The radiant currents of joy  
Come from and then return to Him.  
And such a love the lover has  
That he finds God in everyone,  
In everything, in every act,  
So that commandment given of old —  
That ye do one another love —  
Can finally now be understood,  
And in fulfillment of the law  
Be practiced just as He would do.

---

Oh that all in this world could live  
Within that spirit of His Love.  
No worldly laws then would we need,  
For none would hurt or steal or kill  
In greed or fear or jealousy.  
And nations too would learn to live  
Within the harmony and trust  
Engendered by that power of love.  
But such a Love needs Master's Grace  
To sprout, to grow, and then to bloom;  
And must be watered by the Shabd,  
Or withers from the breath of Kal.

Just as the rain that comes to earth  
Brings forth the flowers, shrubs and trees,  
When tears fall on the lover's heart  
Buds of God's Love burst into bloom.  
And from these blooms a fragrance spreads  
To touch the hearts of all those whom  
The lover chances to pass by;  
And with that touch does purify.  
It is a spark that can't be hid,  
This power of love is Master's gift  
To those who bring their hearts to Him,  
For He is Nam, and Nam is Love,  
And He will give to meet the need  
Of lovers who have no desire  
Beyond the Will of the Beloved.  
The lane of Love so narrow is  
It can hold one, but holds not both;  
So when you are, then He is not,  
But when He is, then you are not.  
So must the ego be dissolved,  
So must the self be merged in Him,  
So must the drop return unto  
The ocean from which first it came.  
Thus with this Love the soul returns  
At last unto its true abode.



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## IX RETURN

When the journey Home is started  
By Master's words and gift of Nam,  
By disciple's daily practice  
And daily living in His Will,  
The long path which soul descended  
At the time of the creation  
Now is ascended back to God.  
Each step taken with full knowledge,  
'Tis not a passing dream or trance.  
Each step taken with the guidance,  
With the everloving presence,  
Of the Master who will lead soul  
Past all dangers and diversions,  
Past the Rulers of the Regions  
Who stop those who come unguided,  
But bow humbly unto Master,  
The noble Son of Sat Purush.

So the soul is led from prison  
Of its dull, heavy, human form  
Thru the 'tenth door' in the forehead  
To the glowing astral region,  
In the lowest part of Brahmand.  
Now the mind gets confirmation  
Of the dark nature of this world,  
Sees with its own lucid vision  
The past, present, and the future,  
The great wheel of awagawan,  
The justice of the Karmic Law;  
Knows for sure it was in prison,  
And freedom now is near at hand.  
Here the Radiant Form of Master  
First meets the upward climbing soul.  
Then from that wondrous moment on  
Is its guide and its companion,

---

Till all Regions have been conquered,  
And soul is back with Sat Purush.  
For the Master never leaves one  
Whom He has promised to take Home.  
From the first step till the last one  
In every Region on the Way,  
He is there to lead and counsel  
Each soul as it makes its own way.  
Truly there are many mansions  
On the long pathway back to God.  
Here soul sees vast lands of beauty  
Beyond the finest seen on Earth,  
Light and color, form and texture  
Far more real and far more lovely  
Than in any scene or structure  
Soul may have seen in this poor world;  
And a multitude of people  
From every nation on the Earth,  
With no barrier of language,  
For thought is freed from need of speech.

Guided by the Radiant Master  
The soul now sees the Capital,  
Beautiful Sahansdal Kanwal,  
'Lotus of the Thousand Petals'.  
Beauty beyond human language,  
One thousand and one glowing lights  
Each of different tint or color  
In the heavenly form of a  
Celestial lotus flower.  
This Koh-i-nor, Mountain of Light —  
Is the power house of Pinda,  
Is the inner lamp that shineth,  
Everlasting lamp that guideth,  
When the Sat Guru has given  
The soul the power to see the Light.

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How long soul must spend exploring  
Before it leaves these astral worlds,  
Does depend upon its Karma,  
Upon its fitness for the Path,  
And upon the effort given  
To further progress on the way.  
In due time the Master takes it  
To Trikuti, second region,  
The home of Universal Mind.  
Freed now from the astral body  
Soul again can grow in power,  
Grow again in understanding  
Of the wonder and the glory,  
Of the overpowering splendor  
Of the Creator's majesty.  
Again human language fails us  
As nothing Earth has can compare  
To what soul can now experience,  
To what the soul can see and hear.  
And again it is but slowly  
That the soul can grow in power,  
Slowly as the karmic record  
Stored within the causal body  
Is destroyed by Grace and effort.  
Till at last, the perfect record  
Of all the countless thoughts and deeds,  
Gathered o'er the endless ages,  
No balance shows to be repaid.

Now, finally, the causal body  
Can be discarded by the soul.  
Now, finally, the soul's desires  
Have no need for such a body.  
Now there is but one desire  
To return Home to Sat Purush.  
And the mind which dominated  
Soul in all the lower realms,



---

Caught by the Shabd's greater power  
Has from the earth's attractions turned.  
Now it gives its full attention  
To that great melody of Love;  
Now it has but one desire —  
To merge in Universal Mind.  
So, from being soul's enslaver,  
The mind becomes soul's helpful friend;  
Each now with intense desire  
To return to its own true home.  
Finally, after countless lifetimes,  
The two at last part company;  
Mind in Universal Mind  
Now merges; and Soul is free!  
Free from all the many bodies,  
Free from all the downward pulls,  
Free from Kal and all his minions,  
Free to go to the next Region,  
To the third stage of the Masters,  
Nevermore to retrogress.

---

Certainly no earthly language  
Contains the words that can convey  
Any idea of light and music  
Of this realm called Daswan Dwar.  
Nor can mind of man conceive of  
The way in which the soul does act  
Now that it is pure spirit,  
Now that it can understand  
What it is and always has been,  
From whence it came and now returns.  
A pure drop from out that Ocean,  
Which we in ignorance call God,  
A drop with but one desire —  
To be again absorbed in Him.  
Brilliant shines this crystal droplet

---

To match a dozen blazing stars,  
Shines again with the lost glory  
Last seen before its long descent.

Swiftly now the soul moves onward  
With Master still the trusted guide,  
Thru that vast abysmal Darkness  
Masters call the Maha Sunn,  
Thru a Darkness which, unguided  
By One who comes from Him above,  
The soul would forever wander,  
Blind and lost, far from its Home.  
Safe within the Love of Master  
Whose Light no Darkness can bedim,  
With the eternal power of Shabd  
The soul now safely passes thru.

Enter then the fourth great Region  
Whose ruler Masters call Sohang;  
Enter where the soul realizes  
And cries, with overwhelming joy,  
"Lord, I am that. Lord, that am I!"  
As the sublime realization  
Comes that — Now and Forevermore —  
It is ONE with the Supreme ONE;  
Duality exists no more.

---

One more step the Master takes it,  
Unto the feet of Sat Purush  
To where now it is the Ocean,  
To where is all His Love and Peace.  
What can this poor poet tell you  
Of glories yet to comprehend?  
Something yet the muse would tell us,  
But mind and pen will never know.  
Soul must wait until that moment  
When Master says, "My job is done."

---

At the end of that long journey  
From mortal to Immortal God;  
Merged in Him with life eternal,  
Sharing all His attributes  
The pure Soul will now be guided  
To journey's end by Sat Purush.  
As we said in the beginning,  
Sat Desh can never be defined.  
We can't even name the Nameless,  
Its wonders cannot be described.  
So we leave the Soul to travel,  
Wrapped in Wisdom, Love and Power,  
With Sat Purush — to THAT we call:  
RADHASOAMI — Lord of All.



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AND OTHER POEMS

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The following does not pretend to be a new translation of Omar Kahyyam's Rubaiyat. Since the most learned of critics cannot agree on the extent of mystical allegory in his verse, it seems best to avoid the controversy, and to describe these verses as a translation of Edward Fitzgerald's version.

Fitzgerald, I am sure, intended no mystical content. His poem, which has enjoyed continued popularity for over 100 years, is a paean to hedonistic fatalism. While this philosophy has its continuing appeal, it has long appeared to me that this beautiful verse could be turned to a better end.

This "translation" attempts to do that by a change of some 20% of the words in Fitzgerald's Fifth Version, some deletions, and a major restructuring. After the initial "Wake! —", the structure takes the Soul thru the sequence of doubt, hedonism, and fatalistic depression faced in its search for the answer to life. Finally, a sense of hope and purpose appears, and then, thru the essence of Sant Mat, the Soul finds its true identity.

Hopefully, the changes made have not destroyed the poetic excellence of the originals, and neither Omar nor Mr. Fitzgerald would object to the license taken with their work.

## THE RUBAIYAT

Wake! Before the Sun, who scatters into flight  
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,  
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes  
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

Before the Phantom of False Morning died  
"Awake!", the Master's voice within me cried,  
"When all the Temple is prepared within,  
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

---

And, as the Cock crew, those who woke before  
To the Master pray — "Open then the Door.

You know how little while we have to stay,  
And, once departed, would'st return no more."

Now to still the pull of old Desires,  
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,  
To seek the Inner Worlds as Jesus taught,  
And that Oneness to which our Heart aspires.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,  
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,  
Were't not a Shame — were't not a Shame for him  
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

Look to the way of most about us — tho,  
Laughing at Fate, into the World they blow;  
The silken tassels of their purses tear,  
And God given Treasure on the Garden throw.

Some for the Glories of this World; and some  
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;  
Some take the Cash, and let the Credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,  
And those that after some TO-MORROW stare,  
A muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,  
"Fools! Your Reward is neither Here nor There."

And all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd  
Escape of Spirit from this World — are thrust  
In fire, or upon a Cross to die,  
Their Words, with scorn, are trampled in the Dust.



---

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Self proclaimed gurus, and heard great argument  
About Life and Death; but evermore I  
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,  
And without His Hand wrought to make it grow;  
But this was all the Harvest that I reap'd —  
“Naked came — naked from this world will go.”

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long  
Have done my Glory in this World much wrong:  
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow cup,  
And sold my reputation for a Song.

Once to the Lip of a poor earthen Urn  
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn;  
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd — “While you live,  
Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return.”

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit  
Of this and that endeavour and dispute:  
Better be jocund with this fruitful Grape  
Than sadden after none, or bitter Fruit.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,  
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honor — well,  
I wonder often what the Vintners buy  
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare  
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?  
A Blessing — we should use it, should we not?  
And if a curse — why, then, Who set it there?

---

But when the Angel of the darker Drink  
At last shall find me by the river-brink,  
    And offering his Cup, invite my Soul  
Forth to this Kiss of Death — I'll cry and shrink!

I must abjure this Drink of Death, I must!  
Seared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,  
    Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,  
That frees the Soul from Anger, Greed and Lust.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before  
I swore — but was I sober when I swore?  
    And then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand  
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!  
    The Nightingale that in the branches sang,  
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Whether at work or free for careless fun,  
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,  
    The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,  
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;  
Yes, but where lives the Rose of Yesterday?  
    And this first Summer month that brings the Rose  
Shall take a Friend or Relative away.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his Vintage — rolling time hath prest,  
    Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.

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Into Kal's World we are sent not knowing  
Why nor Whence, like water idly flowing;  
And out of it as Wind along the Waste,  
We know not to what Fate we are going.

Why some are poor, and some to Purple born  
Earth could not answer, nor the Seas forlorn,  
Nor Heav'n thru those eternal Signs reveal'd  
And hidden by the Sleeve of Night and Morn.

When you and I behind the Veil are past  
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,  
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds  
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,  
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,  
Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest;  
Some comfort in this realm of Death at best.  
The next Sun rises, and the Dark Angel  
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

A moment pass'd — then back behind the Fold  
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd  
Which for the Pastime of Eternity,  
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

Think as you watch those who to Mammon pray  
For Wealth, Glory, Power, day after day,  
How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp  
Abode his destined Hour and went his way.



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They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts where Gengis gloried and drank deep:  
While he, ground by the Wheel of Eighty-four,  
In some sub-human form does climb or creep.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green  
Fledges the River-lip on which we lean —  
Ah, lean upon it lightly! For who knows  
In what mighty Hunter that Soul has been.

And fear not lest Existence closing your  
Account and Mine, should know the like no more;  
The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd  
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,  
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,  
Lift not your hands to It for help — for It  
As impotently moves as you or I.

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire  
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,  
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,  
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield  
One glimpse — if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,  
To which the fainting Traveler might spring,  
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

---

Would but some wing'ed Angel ere too late  
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,  
And make the stern Recorder otherwise  
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

Ah Love! Could you and I with Him conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then  
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Are we no other than a moving row  
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go  
Round with the Sun illumined Lantern held  
In midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays  
Upon His Chequer-board of Nights and Days:  
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,  
And one by one back in the Closet lays?

Why out of senseless Nothing to provoke  
A conscious Something to assume a yoke  
Of unearned Pleasure or of fickle Pain?  
T'would make the purpose of Free-will a joke!

Why from His helpless Creatures be repaid  
Pure Gold for what He lent them dross-allay'd?  
Sue for a Debt they never did contract,  
And cannot answer — Oh, the sorry trade!

But thou who does with pitfall and with gin  
Beset the Road I am to wander in,  
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round  
Enmesh, but leave free choice 'tween Love and Sin.

---

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!  
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;  
Our Fate is what we made it! One's own choice,  
Not His, determines how one lives and dies.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,  
Some letter of that After-life to spell:  
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,  
And answer'd, "I myself choose Heav'n or Hell."

Know you that this Day's Madness did prepare  
Tomorrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair.  
Think! For you know now whence you came and why;  
Think! For you know now why you go and where.

For those who husbanded the Golden grain  
And did not fling it to the winds like Rain,  
Alike unto such aureate Earth are turned  
As, buried once, need not return again.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too into the Dust descend;  
Dust into Dust, but Spirit to Thee flies  
Sans Lust, sans Greed, the last Attachments rend.

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste  
Of Human Life, a chance we must not waste —  
Or Lo! The Wheel of Eighty-four has turn'd,  
And Human form is lost — Oh soul make haste!

Would you that spangle of Existence spend  
To find the SECRET — quick about it, Friend!  
The Grace of God divides the False and True;  
Ignore that Grace and to the Depths descend!



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The Grace of God divides the False and True;  
And to selected Souls provides the clue —  
Will they but grasp it — to the Treasure-house  
Of Nam, and to the LIVING MASTER, Who

Is ever-present thru Creation's veins  
To initiate those who take the pains  
To seek escape from Maya, False the rest —  
They change and perish all — but HE remains.

Keep thee along the strip of Herbage strown  
That just divides the Desert from the sown,  
Whether born Slave or Sultan, care ye not —  
Worship your Master, not the golden Throne!

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd  
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd  
Are all but stories, which, tho full of Truth  
Have, by themselves, no souls to Heav'n returned.

The Saints alone, among the myriads who  
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through  
Return to tell us of the Path to Heav'n,  
Which to discover we must travel too.

Oh Thou who man of five tatwas did'st make,  
Sent Shabd, our thirst for Paradise to slake.  
Alone among all Creatures on the Wheel,  
Man, thru Master, is shown the Path to take.

Then, under cover of departing Day,  
To learn from watching HIS eternal Play,  
It seemed within the Potter's house alone  
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

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Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small  
That stood along the floor and by the wall;  
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some  
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

Said one among them — "Surely not in vain  
My substance of the Common Earth was ta'en  
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,  
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

Then said a Second — "Ne'er a peevish Boy  
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;  
And He that with His hand the vessel made  
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

After a momentary silence spake  
Some Vessel of a more ungainly make;  
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:  
What! Did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

"Why," said another, "some there are who tell  
Of One who threatens He will toss to Hell  
The luckless Pots He marr'd in making — Pish!  
He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot —  
I think much closer to the Truth than not —  
"All this of Pot and Potter — tell me, then,  
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

"Well," murmur'd one, "too long in here we lie!  
My Clay with this Oblivion is gone dry;  
But fill me with the nectar of the Word,  
Methinks I might recover by and by."

---

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,  
The Living Master came, that all were seeking:  
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!  
Now for the Porter's shoulder knot-a-creaking!"

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring  
Your Earthly-garment of Attachment fling;  
The Bird of time has but a little way  
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

Intoxicate with Love as with the Wine;  
Each Master's teaching shows the same design.  
"Be mine!" — the Shabd cries unto the Soul,  
And gives the spark to make the Soul divine.

As then the tulip, for her morning sup  
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,  
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n  
With Shabd fills you like a brimming Cup.

Perplex no more with Human or Divine,  
Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign;  
Meditate with Soul in charge of Mind,  
Till both accept the Master's will benign.

So now, my Friends, Lust's burning flame to douse  
I've made a Second Marriage in my house;  
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,  
And took the Heavenly Shabd to Spouse.

For by the Grace of God there is a Vine  
The Grape of which will yield the WORD Divine.  
Would'st care the purpose of Life to fathom,  
Be never deep in any but this Wine!



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And lately by the Inner Door agape  
Came shining thru the Dusk an Angel Shape  
    Bearing a Vessel on His shoulder; and  
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas — the Grape!

The Grape that can with Logic absolute  
The Two and Seventy jarring Sects confute,  
    The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice  
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

The mighty, eternal, all present, LORD  
That all the misbelieving and black Horde  
    Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul  
Scatters before Him with His whirlwind Sword.

This Wine has struck a fibre which ends doubt  
And turns predestined Dust and Soul about,  
    So of Base metal may be filed a Key  
That shall unlock the Door HE waits without.

Ah, with this WORD my fading life provide,  
And wash the Soul before this Life has died,  
    And lead me, shielded by Thy Living Self,  
To some Satsang frequented Garden-side.

That ev'n my multi-wrapp'd Soul such a snare  
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air  
    As not a True-believer passing by  
But shall be of HIS presence made aware.

A quiet corner underneath a Bough  
A bit of Fruit, a loaf of Bread — and THOU  
    Inside me — singing, brilliant Radiance —  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

---

Ah, my Beloved, send the Nam that clears  
Today of past Regrets and future Fears:  
Tomorrow! — Why, tomorrow I may be  
At last with THEE beyond this vale of Tears.

And this I know — that Nam, the one True Light,  
Kindles a Love which will consume me quite.

One Flash of It by meditation caught  
Better than any Temple's proclaimed might.

Then of the THEE in me who works behind  
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find  
A lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard  
His voice command — "The me within thee Blind!"

Up from Mind's Center thru the Tenth Gate  
I rose and with Radiant Master sate,  
And many a Knot unravel'd from my load  
Of Karma — master-knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found the Key;  
There was the Veil thru which I learned to see:  
A distinction first between me and THEE  
There was — and then at last no more of me.

Yon rising Sun that looks for me again —  
How oft hereafter will she rise and wane;  
How oft hereafter rising look for me  
Before — at last — she looks for me in vain!

And when like her, dear Master, You shall pass  
Each human form of englazed Karmic mass,  
And in Your blissful errand reach the spot  
Where I made ONE — turn down an empty Glass!

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## VARIATIONS ON A THEME

For many years, for many centuries —  
No, for millions of those short spans,  
Marked by the orbit of this speck we call the Earth,  
Has the eternal spark of soul  
Dwelt in these dark and foreign lands.  
So long a time — so much experienced —  
That recollection of the Soul's true home  
No longer stirs the mind and heart.  
Wrapped in the Causal body — slave of Mind,  
Each soul in frantic and erratic pattern moves.  
Now to the sensual pleasures of astral worlds:  
Light, airy — true of color and of form  
To show its nature and the thoughts  
Which come and go — but which can not be hid.  
Then, pulled by stored desires and acts of grosser form,  
The soul another body takes in this material world.  
A body to enjoy the sense of touch and taste;  
A body thick — of form and shape to carefully conceal  
The thoughts and appetites contained.  
And, to the balance keep, this body  
Keenly feels the suffering and pain  
Earned in the ages past;  
And by its acts, writes clear the future  
To which that soul will pass.  
Then — change again! This time to Causal form alone:  
To freedom and to heights beyond the words of man,  
Rewarded for keen worship of the will of Kal;  
Refulgent, fearless, proud and strong,  
For seeming ages basking in this Light —  
And then —  
Ah — such a sorry fate for that  
Which is the essence of Creator's Self!  
Slave to a mind which thinks it, too, is free.  
Such vast conceit — as if the balls  
In this great cosmic billiard game



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Claimed full freedom of choice,  
As they from ball to ball to cushion bounce  
In precise angle and velocity,  
Then roll to momentary rest —  
Until Kal wishes the next point be made;  
Deluded by the thought that — if the stroke be true —  
It is their skill, their choice what path they take,  
What contact make with others in the game.

Perhaps, in ages past when souls first to these regions came,  
A different game was played.  
An inner source of power in each ball  
Would freedom of direction give;  
The chance, by one's own will,  
To give or avoid pain,  
To rest awhile, or to position gain  
Where one might dominate the game.  
But soon or late each ball, each player,  
This source of power consumed  
And transferred to the perfect record  
Kept by Kal, the score of all those moves,  
And what position each is in.  
Kal's rules now control the game!  
No recollection have we of all those prior moves —  
For, if we did, we would in horror and revolt  
Demand the game to end.  
Nor do we plead for death no matter  
What the form in which the soul is wrapped.  
At times, we may complain when,  
Though true hit, we roll quite wide the mark;  
We cry — "unfair, the cloth is old and worn!"  
Unconscious of the fact these grooves were made  
By our own weight in ages past.  
So — play we must — and play we do —  
And full vent give to all emotions raised.

Say, if you wish, some power yet remains  
To choose our path, to play a better game;  
Some recollection by the soul of brighter days,

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Of truer Love, gives impetus to alter Kal's designs.  
Yet — can the soul, unaided and alone,  
Escape these foreign lands?  
With such great skill has Kal this game devised  
That every touch of ball on ball makes  
The emotions clash and roar!  
If there were any other Sound or Light  
Which might distract us from this game,  
Full well does Kal upon us play  
So that the clash and roar does drown it out  
And blind us to its sheen.  
With skill fantastic to behold  
He turns the tender blush of love  
To lust that twists and binds and ties.  
In every form soul occupies  
An instinct lies to multiply,  
That there may always bodies be  
Where Kal's array of souls  
May find a form and way of life  
To suit their stored desires.  
This instinct, in mankind, does far exceed  
The needs to multiply, and hence is turned  
To acts, to thoughts, to desires of such intensity  
That new formed chains and bonds  
Replace the old cast off, and keep  
Us deep in debt, securely bound, to other souls  
And to the Pinda level of desires.  
Sex, and the other appetites which seek indulgence  
For the momentary pleasures gained —  
The stimulants and drugs we take to  
Make the real unreal; all the unnecessary foods  
To please our taste; the sensuous,  
The self indulgent idleness of body and of mind;  
All these — Kal's arsenal of lusts —  
Keep thoughts on lower planes.  
"As a man thinketh, so is he!"

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Four other deadly passions must we face  
Each time our thoughts would turn towards Home.  
Observe how quickly Kal can turn us in our path  
When proffered kindness — good advice —  
Is met with scorn or rude abuse.  
How quickly we reply in kind, or nurse  
The wound until it — like a cancer grows  
To blossom forth in word or deed to hurt or villify.  
We call the birds and beasts the 'lower forms'.  
They will with courage fight for life or food  
Or to protect their young;  
But if they act as man, and would do hurt  
Beyond these natural ways,  
We call them 'mad' — and quickly meet our death!  
Yet this exalted form of man  
Will in the madness of anger both act —  
And justify the acts —  
That will destroy a reputation or a love,  
That will maim another or kill.  
Or — no way satisfied with such minor impact —  
We band together to let collective passion build  
And so corrupt till nations upon nations fall  
And do unloose the horror of the hounds of war!

Lust and anger Kal sets to bind us  
To the planes of body and of mind;  
Then, to be sure that we will spend our time  
Engrossed in this everchanging game,  
He adds Greed and Attachment to bind us  
Even lower — to the material plane.  
He makes for us a god of gold and silver,  
Then teaches us to scheme, both night and day,  
On how to make increase of what we have;  
And how, by means both fair and foul,  
To gain control of that which we have not.  
Greed hardens heart and blinds the eye  
To all but that which can be bought.  
It so deludes, that in its snare,



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One thinks that, given enough coin,  
Another's love can be assured —  
And heaven's gates be opened wide!  
So, life is spent in this pursuit,  
And in defense of what one has;  
With every action justified if it  
Will gain or save from loss some THING  
Which we would call our own.  
Poor man — it takes a higher and a clearer sight  
To see in this who is the master —  
Who the slave —  
To see where, after death, do all the trinkets go;  
To see the crushing, grinding weight  
Of locks and chains that bind the soul  
Unto those persons, places, and those things  
To which attachment made it slave.  
Then — who is poor?  
Know that it is not he who little has,  
But he who wishes more!  
And who is giving proper care  
To that which, in His Love, God has bestowed?  
Know it is he who truly God does thank  
For that which comes *and* that which goes;  
Then gives that time in every day  
To worship Him in spirit and in truth.

My Lord — where are you — Lord?

Think, if you wish, some power  
Yet remains to passion's slave  
To lift you from this life,  
To bend life to your will.  
So think — so act — but know  
That Kal does but rejoice  
When any soul does so proclaim!  
For well he knows how he can now  
This ego feed, can nurture it and make it grow  
Till it does wrap that soul in coverings so vast

---

That eons hence it still will be enmeshed.  
Ah, what delight Kal takes in feeding  
One who says that he knows god;  
Who says that he, alone, can save himself;  
Who says that he can tell mankind  
Exactly what the scriptures mean  
And what is 'good' and what an 'evil' act.  
Oh, very easy Kal will make his path  
So such a one will boast and strut and show  
That all may know him to be great —  
That he may never have a moment's fear,  
A little twinge of doubt, a thought  
That, in some unknown way,  
He has o'erlooked the truth,  
Has shunned an offer humbly made  
That would have truly led to Home.

And so, the game goes on — and on —  
While some, more weary than the rest,  
Do seek and dream.  
They hear, perhaps, a story told  
That Kal — the god of all —  
Is not the God of All!  
That he is, too, a player in this cosmic game;  
And paths there are which lead beyond his realm.  
They hear, perhaps, that Masters of another time  
Would sometimes guide a worthy soul  
Along these unmarked paths;  
And such a soul would, one by one,  
The bodies shed in such a way  
That nevermore they would return.  
Then, standing forth in its true light,  
The soul at last was welcomed Home.

My Lord — where are you — Lord?

Stories — idle stories of a night —  
And then the day's stern, harsh realities!  
Too often has one dreamed — and lost;



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Too often seen these 'masters' turn to clay.  
How in this teeming world,  
This world so skilled in lies and greed,  
Can one a MASTER find?  
— Assuming such exist.

But stories — Ah these stories!  
Surely the Creator must have some purpose  
Beyond the ceaseless clatter of this game  
Or, why would such thoughts exist?  
Rules enough there are on how to play  
To please the ruler of these realms,  
To make sufficient golden points  
To rise to glory by his side;  
To live to play another game  
When resurrection's trumpet blows!  
So why have stories, for a few,  
Which speak of other Paths than this,  
Which give a different route to follow —  
And different reward at the end —  
Unless the Path exists?

If Path there is, and Guide there is,  
What keeps them hidden from mankind?  
What is the fog that blinds the eye,  
What cruel disease that blocks the ear  
To such a call?  
Ego it is. The worst of all the deadly hoard  
Of passions man is subject to!  
We say we seek —  
And even by that saying fall  
Into the well laid trap.  
Poor blind and ignorant soul — think now!  
Who is the seeker — who the sought?  
Would it not truly tragic be  
To blame the lost and crying sheep  
For finding not the shepherd or the fold  
When fleeing from the wolf of death?  
Oh silly, boastful lamb to say:



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It found the shepherd in the storm and night.  
Down ego — down!  
Who is the seeker — who the sought?  
If you be of this other flock,  
You can be sure the Shepherd knows;  
And rest assured that — tho you're blind —  
The Shepherd is not weak of sight.  
A lost lamb's plaintive, helpless call  
Is model for the prayer to raise  
To put the ego in its place —  
To tell the Shepherd how you feel.

My Master — Where are you — Loving Master?

Long, long before the soul's descent  
Into the three worlds run by Kal,  
The ONE we THE CREATOR call  
Did plan, also, the soul's return.  
We know not why the game is played,  
Nor when nor how a soul matures,  
But many times we have been told  
That 'Sons of God' come to this earth  
To take their marked sheep back to Home.  
They do not come as conquerors  
To change the way Kal runs his worlds.  
They do not perform miracles  
Which would the multitudes attract.  
They come in woman's form or man's  
And live where they can meet their flock,  
In every age and every time.  
They earn their bread as you or I;  
In fact — the worldly cannot tell  
By any outward mark or act  
When they are in the presence of  
The CREATOR in human form —  
The Power and the Light.  
The worldly may not know — but Kal does know  
And quickly acts to guard his store of souls.  
The priests of Kal are there to villify

---

The person and the teachings of this Saint —  
Dire warnings of the fate which will befall  
Followers of such a foolish path;  
And violence, even, to the Lord Himself!  
Then, after He is gone, the lessons He has taught  
Must quickly be rephrased,  
To help a clergy and a temple grow  
That the attention may be safely kept  
Upon the outward and the changing world.  
But all of this the Masters do not mind,  
For it does act as gate keeper to bar  
Those souls not ready for this step;  
Yet no way stops the souls to whom He calls!

My Master, my Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

Now, in this cosmic billiard game  
Another power is seen.  
Implant, let's say, within one ball  
A core of pure iron.  
Impose upon the playing field  
A vast magnetic power,  
Controlled so that the ball so marked  
Does play the game so well —  
That points it would a life time take  
Now, in one simple move,  
Are made — and balanced to the score.  
See how the ball can roll and bounce  
Without a backward step.  
See how, in time, it seems to rise  
Above the green felt cloth;  
Rise by this power felt within  
To worlds beyond our ken —  
Then, in a blinding flash of light,  
Merge with the ALL IN ONE.

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

He pulls, we search;

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Kal growls, and we do turn aside.  
He pulls, we take a step  
And ten He takes to meet with us.  
Kal roars, and we again do hide.  
He laughs, for He can see the whole vast game,  
And time — so real to us — is naught to Him.  
He pulls, and we with sudden joy  
Find Him, in human form.  
He tells us why, and where, and how  
In clear and simple terms.  
He asks us to four vows obey,  
To which we give our pledge;  
Then He with mystic touch  
Does take His place within.

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

How can one finite man the Infinite contain?  
The 'mind' asks this, and tries to understand  
What it does mean — what the impact —  
Of Master as omnipotent,  
Of Master as omnipresent,  
Of Master as omniscient?  
We puzzle, and we ask,  
And He with patience does explain  
That students in first grade  
May not quite understand  
The concepts which the Ph.D.  
Manipulates with ease.  
Then, if we this accept,  
He, in His Love so kind,  
By a few simple words and acts  
Will show an open mind  
How very real these powers are,  
How much we are His slave.

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

We ask him how we should behave,  
While in this land of Kal,



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So that we pay what debts are due  
And do not add on more.  
He says, that we should act each act  
As an agent for Him,  
Then all is done as He would do  
And no new karma gained.  
He says that we must think each thought  
For all the world to see;  
And speak as tho each word we speak  
The whole wide world could hear.  
No better guide has been devised,  
Than in these simple words,  
To measure and control what we  
Would do and say and think.  
If we care not the hurt we do  
With careless thought or word,  
Or hope, because the weapon be  
Such an ethereal thing,  
It does not leave a lasting wound  
Where it we cruelly fling,  
Then we still are not ready for  
The treasures He does bring.  
And yet we know that, at the start,  
No matter how we try,  
We lack the power to change at once  
Old habits of the mind.  
If He just told us what to do  
But gave us not the strength,  
Sant Mat would be an empty shell —  
Of no value to mankind.

So Master does not leave us there  
With just that good advice,  
But backs His pledge to take us Home  
With Power and with Care.  
With Care that only can be given  
By ONE who lives with us;  
By ONE who speaks and writes to us

---

In words we understand;  
By ONE who shows by His own life  
The way that we should be  
And, in His omnipresent form  
Is with us when we call.  
Then, those who do the effort make  
To keep the vows they took,  
In due time hear the Shabd's ring  
With music so divine —  
That mind does willingly desert  
The old, gross appetites,  
And clings to thoughts and acts which will  
Keep Shabd ringing clear!

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

So — day by day, and bit by bit,  
We make some progress on this path;  
Yet, still we wonder — and debate —  
Who is it runs the game?  
If we do not quite measure up —  
Take meat, or drink, give in to lust —  
Is it our karma, or our will?  
Will it bring us to grief?  
Say that the iron set billiard ball  
By its desire does the core shift.  
What an erratic course 'twill take,  
How long will be the game!  
He set the core in center true.  
He told us how to keep it there.  
So, if we yield to downward pull,  
Blame not lack of *His* Grace.  
We may be weak, but He is not.  
We may forget, but He does not.  
We may deny, but He will not.  
His grip is strong and sure.  
He gave His pledge to take us Home;  
All the way to His Home — Sach Khand.

---

He said: in four lifetimes, or less,  
The journey would be done.  
So, if we choose to waste some time  
In fun and games with this world's toys,  
He will — in time — intensify  
The power of His Love.  
The circumstances, or the birth,  
Of that erratic soul will change,  
Till those attachments for this world  
Are drowned in tears of Love.  
Fear not the anger of the Lord;  
It is His Love which purifies.  
Accept it as thy daily bread —  
Wait not for the bear hug!

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

And, if you would at times  
Lift up your mind in prayer,  
Give thought to what, and why,  
You pray, and unto whom you call.  
Consider that most of our prayers  
Fall into three broad groups:  
We pray that we may be *given*  
Some help, or power, or thing;  
Or pray that we be *forgiven*  
Some act, or thought, or word;  
Or, at times, a heartfelt prayer  
Is to the Lord in *thanks given*.

If we believe — as we should know —  
That all we have now comes from Him;  
That Master knows, and in His Love,  
Joy or sorrow in measure gives  
Which best assures our progress Home;  
We would not ask for anything  
Which would increase our worldly debt,  
Or which would change the way it's paid.



---

The prayers then, which will benefit,  
Are those which bring us into tune  
With the harmony of His Grace.  
Ask only that the Master give  
That which He knows is best for us.  
Then spend the effort and the time  
In heartfelt prayer of thankfulness  
For all which He has given.  
Remembering, too, while we pray,  
How very near He is to us;  
The prayer need only rise as far  
As His seat at the inner eye.  
Closer He is than breathing,  
Nearer than hands and feet!

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

Oh mind — be still — and know that I am God.  
Be still — for only then can you the Shabd hear.  
And only thru the Shabd can you go  
Within, beyond the reach of thought and intellect.  
Remember Him by repetition of His name.  
Remember Him by contemplation on His form.  
Be still — till, like the surface of the mountain lake  
Reflects the glory of the snow capped peak,  
The smooth, unruffled surface of the mind  
Can that inner light reflect.  
Be still — so that the brilliance of that light  
May the age old veil of ego penetrate,  
And shine upon thine inner, single eye.  
In stillness and in single pointed love,  
Follow the beam — thru the land of dreams  
Into the Astral world, unto  
Sahansdal Kanwal, the city of a thousand lights.  
And there, in brilliance, beauty, truth  
You will behold — be welcomed by —  
Your Master in His radiant astral form.  
In stillness now the mind will truly know  
It, too, is at last going home

---

And will become soul's helper and its friend.  
In stillness He doth say: 'Abide in me,  
Letting the Word abide in you.  
Then ye may ask what ye will  
And it will be done unto you.'

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

Bright soul — so long a captive in these foreign lands —  
So long the helpless plaything of the mind;  
Living always in fear of Death,  
Dying only to live and die again;  
Know now that Death no longer has the power  
To frighten or to touch the Master's sheep.  
He alone says when we shall depart.  
He alone meets the unfettered soul.  
No stranger are you to the higher worlds  
If daily you have given Him your love.  
And when the silver cord at last is cut,  
The only tears are golden tears of joy.  
No reason for a backward thought or glance;  
Each act, each thought, each wish, for Him alone,  
As in His care we cross the realms of Kal.  
In time the astral body too is shed.  
Then just the mind and soul in Trikuti dwell  
While the very last of all the stored records —  
The give and take of that vast billiard game —  
Are burned to ashes by the power of Nam;  
And all the credits and the debts marked 'PAID'!  
Now soul is free — is free even from the mind.  
It stands unveiled, as brilliant as the stars  
And in this brilliance does at last realize  
There is but ONE who controlled *all* the moves!

One more step up — which soul, alone, could never take,  
But safely takes, protected by the Master still;  
And suddenly the realization dawns  
That what we 'soul' and what we do 'creator' call  
Are ONE — I am THAT, and THAT am I!

---

Thence to Sach Khand, and Master's job is done.  
The soul redeemed, the odyssey is o'er.  
No words of man can give a hint  
Of what this Light, and Song, and Love is like.  
Suffice to know that, now, but ONE exists —  
The ALL-IN-ONE for now and evermore.

Oh — Thank you — Loving Master!



---

## TO THE NEW INITIATE

The Path is long, the way is steep.  
A traveler alone lacks strength  
Each step alone to take.  
What needs this traveler as he starts,  
What holds his hand and lights the dark?  
'Tis Love in myriad ways.

Our senses dimmed with worldly dross,  
The Source of Love cannot discern,  
Small sparks alone we see.  
But matched with love from in our heart  
These sparks become the help we need,  
The Path to start and keep.

In future years when Love has won  
The first steep heights toward Home,  
A stronger light will guide.  
But, till His Radiant Form we see,  
Our hands are held, our hearts are warmed  
By other Satsangis.

The Living Master's Love we know  
And see reflected in each soul's glow,  
Shabd incarnate.  
Each wakening Soul, a spark of Love,  
Turns Love to light, to strength, to song  
And no one walks alone.

---

## WHAT PRICE?

The sceptic asked in his business way,  
"What initiation fee must one pay?"  
The answer which quickly came to mind  
Was, "No fee at all, of any kind."  
Later the realization grew  
That this quick answer was quite untrue.  
No money or gifts of material kind,  
Nor item of value to the business mind,  
Is accepted in payment, part or whole —  
For value received, we pledge our Soul!  
And since the gift without the giver is bare,  
Three hours a day with Him we share.  
And every act thruout the day  
We try to do in the Master's way.  
Our desires are not for worldly gains,  
But for eternal life above these pains.  
And in exchange for this tiny fee,  
To become, at last, one with Thee.

---

## KISMET

If it be true that all our fate  
Is written in the sands of time,  
And what we do can never change  
One jot of karma in this life;  
If man propose, but God dispose,  
Why should we plan, and work, and scheme?  
Why not just rest, and let the Lord  
Take care of us as He sees best?  
A follower of the Prophet asked,  
"If it be Allah's will that my  
Camel should wander in the night,  
Why prey, should I its legs to tie  
That it may be here when I rise?  
Why should I not to Allah trust  
The care and feeding of this beast,  
And let Him take it if He must,  
Then find some other work for me?"

The Prophet answered firm and loud —  
"Man, would you live in Allah's care  
Be sure you do not burden Him  
With that which you yourself must do!  
Do first your best, and then put trust  
In grace and mercy of the Lord.  
Before you sleep, the camel's legs  
Tie firmly that it may not stray.  
Give it the food and drink it needs,  
Then pray to Allah that He may  
Protect you and the beast all night —  
Then rise and work another day."



---

## WHEN EARTH'S ATTRACTIONS HAVE FADED

*(from R. Kipling)*

When Earth's attractions have faded  
and the spirit is twisted and dried,  
When the taste for pleasure is jaded,  
and the hope for power has died,  
We shall seek, and with faith we shall  
meet Him — have Nam from a Sat Guru,  
Then the Master with love and kindness  
shall rekindle our souls anew.

And those that were good shall be happy;  
they shall sit at the Master's feet,  
They shall travel mid splendors undreamed of  
till the Lord of All they meet.  
They shall have real Saints to talk with —  
souls restored from their fall;  
They shall know the truths of the ages  
and find Death has no sting at all!

And only the Master shall praise us  
and only the Master shall blame.  
And no one shall lust for money,  
and no one shall long for fame,  
But each thru the power of Shabd  
and each thru his inner door,  
Shall find the Pathway to Heaven,  
then a life with Him evermore.

---

## LOVE

Love is the power Divine,  
Nam's melody sublime.  
With it there is no law,  
No rule by tooth and claw,  
No hate or fear.

Woulds't you escape the wheel,  
The door to Heaven unseal?  
Love is the Master's way,  
The sword with which we slay  
The passions five.

Love is the only thing,  
Love is my golden wing.  
On it to thee I rise,  
On it my soul relies  
For life divine.

## THINK

Think! — before you criticize  
Is this what the Master would say?  
Are you building up, or tearing down,  
In a cruel and careless way?  
Are you giving hurt in return for hurt,  
Or sharing the Love we receive?  
For those who forgive, He will forgive,  
But the judge will be Judged, I believe.

---

I cannot say what S. T. Coleridge had in mind when he wrote 'Kubla Khan', but if we unravel his verse, then weave in the threads of Sant Mat, perhaps both beauty and meaning will appear.

## SAWAN SINGH

In the Punjab did Sawan Singh  
A stately Satsang Gar decree;  
Where the broad Beas River ran  
Thru wastelands meaningless to man  
Down to the salty sea.

And bit by bit the fertile ground  
With walls and towers was girdled round,  
And soon were gardens bright with birds and flowers  
Shaded by many a green and fruitful tree;  
And here were gullies ancient as the hills  
Transformed to fertile fields of greenery.

But O, how sweet the Dera which has planted  
Its peace across the barren Punjab plain!  
A wondrous place, as holy and enchanted  
As any where the Creator has granted  
Mankind the presence of a Living Master.  
And from this Dera, His ceaseless Love is flowing  
Around this earth to all whom HE is calling;  
A mighty fountain of His Love and Grace,  
Amid whose currents we are scrubbed and washed  
To cleanse us of attachments, greeds and lusts,  
As chaffy grain beneath the thrasher's flail:  
And from this cleansing we at last, forever  
Return to Home upon the Sacred River.



---

This Pathway, meandering with a mazy motion  
Thru five great Regions, measureless to man;  
A Sacred River upon which no soul can  
Safely travel to the Creator's Ocean  
Without the Master as a guiding star,  
And Shabd's power ringing from afar.

Dera with all that we do treasure  
But a shadow of the Real  
Where is heard the mingled measure  
Of the Shabd's ringing peal.  
Just a faint reflection in man's eyes  
From the Regions where his real home lies!

Five damsels with a dulcimer  
In meditation once I saw:  
They were with three Masters array'd  
And on their dulcimer they play'd  
The music of the Shabd.  
When I revive within me  
That symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight does win me,  
With that music loud and long,  
I can reach that Home so fair,  
The Father's Home! The greatest prize!  
And all He calls can see Him there,  
His flashing eyes, His radiant hair!  
When they alone for Him do care!  
Weave only those Heavenly ties,  
And close your eyes to what is dead,  
For He on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

---

## CHARAN SINGH JI

*(from E. A. Poe)*

Since many and many a year ago,  
At the Dera, over the sea.  
A Master there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Charan Singh Ji;  
And this Master He lives with  
No other thought  
Than to love every Satsangi.

I was a soul enslaved by Kal,  
And Master was over the sea,  
But He loved with a love that  
Was more than love —  
This Master, Charan Singh Ji;  
With a love such that Kal  
In his heaven above  
Was afraid of losing me.

And this is the reason as wise men know  
At the Dera of Baba Ji,  
That Kal sends Lust, Anger and Greed, hiding  
My Master, Charan Singh Ji;  
And all the powers of Maya come  
To keep Him away from me,  
To keep me from Bhajan and Simran  
And from my Master over the sea.

The angels not half so happy in heaven  
Went envying Him and me.  
Yes! — That is the reason (as all men know  
At the Dera of Baba Ji)  
That Kal sends Attachment and Vanity,  
Chilling my longing for Charan Singh Ji.

---

But His Love it is stronger by far  
than the love  
Of those who would keep Him from me —  
Of many far closer to me —  
And neither Kal's angels in heaven above,  
Nor his deamons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of Maharaj Charan Singh Ji.

For the moon never beams without bringing  
me dreams  
Of the beautiful Charan Singh Ji;  
And the stars never rise but I see  
the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Charan Singh Ji;  
And so all the nighttide, I do simran inside  
So my Master, my Guru, my life  
and my Guide  
Can awaken the Shabd in me  
And return me to Radha Swami.



---

## PSALM

The Master's my shepherd;  
no more shall I want.  
He maketh me to hear the  
Holy Shabd,  
He leadeth me home to  
Sach Khand.  
He restoreth my soul.

He leadeth me to a path of righteousness  
with Nam's strength.  
Wherever I walk in this valley  
of shadow and death,  
I shall fear no evil,  
For Thou art with me.  
Thy Radiant Form shall comfort me.

Thou preparest the Path before me  
to the highest of heavens;  
Thou controlleth my karma.  
My love runneth over,  
Surely if I follow Guru and Shabd  
all the days of my life,  
I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever.

---

## IF IT BE THY WILL

Dear Master, if my karmic fate decree  
That to this lower world I 'gain return,  
Would that it be I could select the  
Place and form. A layer of brick — I'd be —  
Humble, poor — but permitted by Thy  
Grace to build for Thee.  
To fashion, place, and true, brick by brick,  
And row by row, buildings for Thy worldly use;  
Formed from Dera's clay on which Thou walk.

Is it permitted, Lord, to have such joy;  
While in Kal's world You finish shaping me  
To purer form and truer love for Thee;  
That I might labor days where Master walks,  
And walk at night within my Master's care?  
What more is offered in the higher realms?  
Oh, soul, there is temptation here that  
Makes us careless of our lot as long  
As we are slave to Him. We must not  
Rest — but seek that Radiant Form within!

So better still — Oh Lord — keep Ye  
This present pot of clay, imperfect shap'd,  
Longer on this wheel — till pressed  
And pulled and pushed from out, while  
Guided by Thy loving hand inside,  
At last 'tis shaped to perfect harmony.  
Perhaps then this bit of Soul is fit  
To labor at Thy feet in higher worlds  
And fashion from the cosmic dust  
Bricks for the stairway to Sach Khand;

— If it be Thy Will.

---

## PRAYER

Our Master which art within us,  
    Radiant form of Nam;  
Thy Kingdom come,  
Thy Will be done,  
And our souls return to Heaven.

Give us this day Thy Grace divine  
    And attach us to Nam  
    So we attain detachment;  
Lead us, O Lord, into Thy presence  
And deliver us from our karma;  
For Thine is the Kingdom  
    And the Power  
    And the Glory  
Forever and ever —  
    Amen.



---

In the musical "Guys and Dolls", based on Damon Runyon's characters, there is a very beautiful song sung by the leads when they realize that they are in love. Of course it is this love that saves the sinner from his wasted life.

In a much more real sense we have been given a Love which will save us from our sins and from this world. The words of that song so beautifully express the joy of the awakening soul when it realizes — 'I've never been in Love before'.

### I'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE

I've never  
    been in love before,  
I've never  
    known what it means.  
Until  
    HE came into my life  
That word  
    meant many different things:  
Those things  
    which bind us to this world —  
Which make  
    us slave to our desires.  
But now  
    this slave has been set free  
And knows  
    what Love can really be;  
When thru  
    the magic of His Word  
HE shares  
    creation's Love with me.

---

I've never  
    been in love before,  
I've never  
    glimps'd what it could be.  
Although  
    I've lived millions of lives,  
And shared  
    that which the world calls love:  
The love  
    of parent and the child —  
The love  
    of sweethearts in the Spring —  
The passion  
    all too soon destroyed  
By constant  
    change of all we see;  
Or felt  
    for that which cannot be;  
Love lost —  
    but it was not for Thee!

---

I've known  
    that which is called love  
By those  
    who give the passions names  
I've stolen  
    that my love might eat;  
I've killed  
    to keep my love from harm.  
And thru  
    these passions men call love,  
These fleeting  
    pleasures of the flesh,  
My mind,  
    my body and my soul  
Were mortgaged  
    so deeply in debt  
That Kal  
    was master of my fate,  
Till You  
    did bring True Love to me.



---

I now  
    Have glimps'd a Master's Love.  
I now  
    have known what it means  
By contrast —  
    seen that worldly love  
Is but  
    a shadow of His Light.  
By contrast —  
    now begin to see  
Attachment binds,  
    but LOVE sets free.  
In worldly love,  
    there're always two,  
In Divine LOVE,  
    two cannot be.  
All worldly love  
    comes to an end.  
Masters  
    Love for eternity!

---

HE now  
has pledged to guide this soul  
From out  
this darkness unto Light;  
To guide  
it all the long, long way  
Until  
it merges once again  
Into  
the Oneness that is God.  
And daily  
as it turns to Him  
From out  
the turmoil of this world,  
It feels  
the power of His Love,  
It hears  
the sweetness of the Shabd.  
Ego  
is melted by His Love.

---

No more  
    is there an 'I' and 'He'.  
Thru Love  
    the opened eye can see  
Only  
    His hand in everything.  
Thru Love  
    the opened heart does sing  
Only  
    His praise for everything;  
For every moment,  
    every act,  
As He  
    does cleanse the lover's soul;  
As He  
    does change the dross to gold  
Till shining  
    with that pristine Light  
At last  
    'tis ONE, again, with HIM.



---

## THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE SATSANGI

Mine eye has seen the glory of the everlasting Lord;  
He is tramping out the vintage where my karma has  
    been stored;  
He has loosed the chains of bondage that my prior  
    lives had forged.  
He is my Sat Guru.

Master, Master Charan Singh Ji,  
Thank you, thank you, Charan Singh Ji,  
Radha Soami Charan Singh Ji.  
He is my Sat Guru.

I have been Kal's faithful servant for one hundred  
    thousand lives;  
Yet He's given me the Shabd which will break these  
    karmic ties;  
As I do my daily simran, my soul begins to rise  
To meet my Sat Guru.

### Refrain

I am weak and poor and helpless and would oft  
    admit defeat;  
My mind rebels at having to the names so oft  
    repeat;  
But He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall  
    never call retreat!  
He is my Sat Guru.

### Refrain

---

I have seen the Living Master both as man  
and God Divine;  
He has relit the altar fire and has placed  
His hand on mine;  
But till I see Him in His Light Form, my soul  
alone must pine.  
Help me O Sat Guru.

Refrain

With the beauty of the Shabd He will mind and  
soul set free;  
By the Glory of His darshan He transfigures  
you and me;  
As we're dyed in His devotion, we will learn  
to die daily;  
And be ONE with Sat Guru.

Master, Master Charan Singh Ji,  
Thank you, thank you, Charan Singh Ji,  
Radha Soami Charan Singh Ji.  
He is my Sat Guru.

---

The beautiful words of advice — “Take me with you in your Heart” were spoken by Master to Sam Busa when Sam had to leave Dera for a short journey and was disappointed that Master — in the physical body — could not accompany him.

They were chosen as the theme for a Bandara at Chicago in the fall of 1974 to guide the thoughts and the love of His followers meeting together in His Love, but without His physical presence.

As a theme, these few words say something about the whole span of our existence. They speak of

- A time without Him
- A time getting to know Him
- A time with Him
- Till there is no time.



---

## TAKE ME WITH YOU IN YOUR HEART

"Take me with you in your heart,"  
said Master with a smile.  
"Keep me there, where'er you go,  
and I'll be with you all the while."

Such a story those words tell  
of the travels of the soul!  
Of where its been and yet must go —  
of the Path to the wondrous Goal.

To hear these words in the Master's voice  
is a treat beyond compare.  
For the soul that hears has been given a gift,  
a gift that is truly rare.

Only the Master really knows  
how to value the gift He has given,  
And only the few that He does touch  
will turn from the world to listen.

But whenever a soul is ready to hear,  
wherever that soul may be,  
God in the Living Master's Form  
is there to hear and to see.

And this is the story that He does tell  
of the travels of such a one;  
The past, the present, the future course  
till its journey at last is done.

When time began you were with me —  
in Sach Khand, our Father's Home —  
But it was His Will that you should go  
and thru all of Creation roam.

---

Then, from out of the One you did descend,  
thru the Regions from Light to dark,  
With an infinite number of other souls  
each a separate eternal spark.

And in order to live in these worlds below  
a series of bodies you took,  
First the mental and causal; the ego, the I,  
a unique, but yet empty book;

Then, an astral body with beautiful glow  
to wear in an astral world;  
A body so clear that all could see  
your thoughts as they twisted and curled!

At last, to the lowest of worlds you moved,  
to this world of physical need,  
And took the gross, heavy, material form  
subject to pain and fear and greed.

Still a spark, for sure, of the Eternal One  
but so enwrapped that no light did show —  
And even the soul itself forgot  
the home that it used to know.

However, the senses attuned to this world  
brought an endless series of needs  
For the mind and the body to work upon,  
and your acts became karmic seeds.

There were some you loved, and some you hurt,  
and that which you wanted, you took,  
With all these thoughts and acts writ clear  
page by page in that causal book.

---

Life after life in millions of forms  
you experienced pleasure and pain —  
As a weed, as a bug, as a horse or a wolf,  
as a man — then the wheel turns again.

So the law of Creation inexorably works  
to give soul the form to express  
The unbalanced karma earned by its acts,  
no more — and not one whit less.

For millions of lives this sensual whirl  
kept the body in charge of the mind;  
And even as man, not a moment was given  
for the soul to seek or to find.

Thru lust, thru anger, thru desire for gain,  
thru attachment and unbounded pride,  
Kal kept you in bondage to things of this world;  
tho you left them all when you died!

Had God, our Creator, forgotten His souls;  
left no guide, no pathway, no light,  
No chance that they might return unto Him,  
no dawn at the end of the night?

That some of His souls even search for a Path,  
and feel that this world's not their home,  
Is a whisper of proof that He's calling these souls.  
If they wish, they need no longer roam.

Then the souls that do search hear the whispers grow loud  
that the Path and the Power exist;  
May be found in this lifetime, and followed with ease,  
with His guidance Kal's will to resist.



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And when you have found Him, that voice from within  
thunders conviction and trust  
That the Path is within, the Master will guide,  
your return to His Home is a must.

So those the Creator has marked with His mark  
to the Feet of the Master are led,  
To be taught, thru His Love, the same wondrous words  
that all the world's Masters have said —

That throughout all ages a Master is here  
to connect His marked souls with the Light;  
To give them the strength, the guidance, the Love  
to restore the soul's power of flight.

Throughout all the ages the same lesson is taught  
by the Lord in the form of a man,  
As He touches these souls with the power of Shabd  
and the powers of Kal does He ban.

For all of Creation is powered by Shabd,  
and Master is part of that Power;  
And now, a seed He has planted in you  
for to sprout, to bud, and to flower.

The soul, by itself, could never win free  
but now that the ransom is paid,  
It is free to cast off the bonds it has worn —  
to face even Death unafraid.

That seed must be watered and tended with care  
for, although its growth is assured,  
A long time it will take to burst into bloom  
if still, by old habits, you're lured.

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The teachings are simple, the practice not hard  
for those who are eager to grow.  
Right food and drink and a moral life  
will permit that power to flow;

While the time that is spent in the inner work  
is used to burn away  
That record of karmas which otherwise would  
take thousands of lifetimes to pay.

Your efforts and Master's grace combine  
as the two wings of a bird in flight;  
Grace and effort, effort and grace,  
lead the soul from darkness to Light.

The student who wishes this current of grace  
to be with him all of the time,  
Need only make Simran a part of his life,  
a continuous, silent rhyme.

Repeated with love, repeated with joy,  
repeated in prayer for His aid,  
Repeated till none of the thoughts of this world  
can entrap, or can make you afraid.

And in this devotion His presence is felt,  
as He promised that it would be,  
To help and to guide every choice you must make —  
make it knowing that He can see!

Know He hears each word, and your secret thoughts  
are no secret from Him at all;  
So all that we do and say and think  
treat as His — no matter how small.

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Big or small, every act, if done as His act,  
done with love for Him in your mind,  
Will add not a jot to your karmic load,  
as would acts of an ego kind.

Past karmas may the inner eye  
keep dark for many years,  
But progress on a path like this  
is not sensed by your eyes and ears.

The progress you make as you live in His will  
He measures and records with care,  
And only when you can best use the rewards  
does He give you these pleasures so rare.

Now, as much as you need Him as guide in this world,  
even more do you need Him inside,  
For there, there are pathways unmarked and unmapped  
and great beauties to lure you aside.

The path you must follow is hidden from eyes  
of all but a very few,  
But wide is the path and easy the way  
that Kal would lead you to.

Full many there are who have looked for the path  
without a Master to guard and to guide,  
And life after life they return to this earth  
as flotsam entrapped by the tide.

If the ocean you'd cross in safety and speed,  
be sure of your captain and ship;  
For the journey inside make the Shabd your craft,  
and trust your soul to the Master's grip.



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Give Him thanks for all which that grip does bring  
be it pleasure or pain that you feel,  
And in His own way, at the proper time  
to your inner eye He'll reveal

The cities, the lights, the radiant beings  
of each of the realms above,  
Till the light of your soul is a brilliant star —  
ashine from that power of Love.

Then when it is time for the silver cord  
to be cut — and this life to end,  
No feeling of pain or loss is there,  
but with joy does the soul ascend.

As each of the bodies are cast away;  
the astral, the causal, the mind,  
More like the creator the soul does become —  
all ego is left behind.

Then, at last, the Master's task is done —  
the soul is returned to Sach Khand,  
With no desire to ever again  
break that eternal bond.

This is the story that Master tells,  
wherever His lovers meet;  
As much to us in this room today  
as to those who come to His feet:

"Dear Brother, dear Sister", Master says,  
as with tears of Love they do part,  
"Remember, you need never walk alone.  
Take me with you in your heart."

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## A CHRISTMAS STORY

Many years ago a young man  
grew up in a small town.  
The house was old and the yard  
backed on the railroad tracks.  
Life was not easy, there were  
times of hunger and times of cold;  
But there was love, and understanding  
and faith in God,

In his late teens he became restive,  
as most teenagers do.  
He challenged the authority of home,  
of school; challenged the rules of society.  
When parents, school and society  
would not yield, he lashed out.  
Finally, after much bitterness, he left home,  
and his parents could not stop him.

The world is tempting, but not kind.  
The young man slipped to a low path.  
Many things he did to hurt others  
and to hurt himself.  
He lost touch with his parents  
as he feared to tell them what he did.  
He traveled far and he traveled light  
feeling no homeward pull.

After many years, many empty years,  
sharp edges and appetites are dulled.  
What satisfied yesterday does not today;  
and change produces only change.  
Attachments have not turned to love;  
loneliness is his only constant companion.  
Free, yes, from obedience to a guiding hand,  
but such a heavy price to pay!

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As another year drew toward its end  
with short, cold days and leaden skies;  
The songs, the lights, the cheer of  
coming Christmas caught his ear and eye;  
Stirred soft and long forgotten feelings  
deep within; lighted again his soul.  
And memories of the warmth of love, of home,  
overpowered old hurts and fears.

Hesitating, often with hope crushed  
by fear of deeper loss, he planned.  
Then wrote; "Dad, Mom,  
may I come home for Christmas?  
Will you take me in again,  
forgiving what was said and done?  
'Till now I did not know how dear the loss,  
how deep my need for you."

"Dad, time is short, too short  
to have your answer, yes or no.  
So I will start, and as a sign  
if I am welcome home,  
Hang a white cloth in the old  
apple tree in the back yard.  
I will see it from the train,  
but pass on by if it be not there."

Some days later, huddled in a coach seat;  
pride and arrogance of youth  
Honed by life to humility and need,  
hope alone remained.  
He could not bring himself to look  
upon that backyard tree.  
He lacked the strength of faith  
to see what fate would bring.



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And so, he turned to one nearby,  
saying: "Friend, around the next curve  
We will pass a small house.

In the backyard is an old apple tree.  
Please watch and tell me  
if you see a small white cloth  
Hanging on a branch of the tree  
as a sign if I am welcome home."

"Certainly, son", was the reply. "I will  
look and tell you what I see."  
Around the curve, and his companion  
cried: "Look, look you must!  
Every branch, no every twig,  
hung with banners shining white.  
Surely you are welcome home,  
so welcome home!"

Thus too, with each of us  
who will turn again to Home;  
Who asks, with humility and hope,  
"Father, will you take me back?"  
Faint hope is soon replaced with faith  
as in HIS everlasting Love  
The answer rings with sound and light,  
"Oh welcome, welcome Home!"

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## NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

Thank you Master for another year  
of Thy love,  
For the help and guidance in so many,  
many ways of which I am not aware.  
For the bliss, when mind surrenders  
for a moment,  
For the slowly growing awareness  
of Thy gift.

I would ask your forgiveness for  
the wasted hours,  
For the all too easy victories  
of the passions;  
While knowing you have promised not  
only forgiveness  
But the Victory — if I but try.

What have I done to deserve  
Thy gift,  
How long the path ahead —  
my mind knows not.  
But my soul is stirring and knows  
You are there to help,  
When I but try.

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## RECESSIONAL

*(from R. Kipling)*

God of Creation, known of old —  
Lord of that spark we call the Soul —  
Despite our awful karmic load  
Teach us to live a Lover's role.  
Radhaswami, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Our youth and beauty melt away —  
The bills come due for old desires —  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is but the smoke from funeral pyres!  
Judge of our actions, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with thoughts of power we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —  
Teach us the ways that Lovers use  
To live within Thy age old Law.  
Gracious Master, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Thru Shabd's power, the ego dies —  
Attachments and the lusts depart —  
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Radhaswami, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Then thru Thy touch we put our trust  
In Master's Love and Shabd's song —  
No longer dust that builds on dust,  
Soul and Mind learn where they belong.  
Thru meditation on Thy Word,  
We merge again into Thee, Lord!

Amen.



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## GLOSSARY OF ORIENTAL TERMS

AWAGAWAN — Coming and going; birth and death.

BHAJAN — A form of spiritual practice. Applying the spirit to listening to the Internal Word or Shabd.

BANDARA — Religious feast; large scale feeding of people; esoterically, the Internal Spiritual Feast.

CAUSAL — The second spiritual region.

DARSHAN — Vision or sight, particularly of some Saint or holy person.

KAL — Literally, Time or Death; the Negative Power; the name given to the Power that controls all the universe — gross, subtle and causal. He will not let anyone cross his threshold to enter the realm of Sat Purush until that soul has been thoroughly cleansed of all desires and attachments.

MAYA — Illusion; phenomenal universe; all that which is not eternal, is not real or true, is called 'maya'. The veil of illusion which conceals the vision of God from our sight.

NAM — See Shabd.

NAM BHAKTI — Devotion to Nam or Shabd.

PAR BRAHM — Literally, beyond Brahm; appellation of the Lord of the third Spiritual Region.

SACH KHAND — Literally, the True or Imperishable Region; esoterically, the fifth Spiritual Region, presided over by Sat Purush.

SANGAT — Congregation.

SANT MAT — The Teachings of the Saints; the Science of God-Realization, practised while living in this world. It is the Science of merging in the Supreme Creator, just as the drop merges in the ocean. This can be accomplished only under the guidance of a True Master in the physical form. We are in the physical form and need someone in the physical form to instruct and guide us to that Power within, which leads to the Supreme

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Being. Moreover, the presence of the Master is essential to guide and to protect us during the course of our Spiritual Journey. It is a natural Science and is complete in every human being regardless of race, color or creed. But the Key is with the Master, and He gives it to all whom He accepts.

SAT GURU — A Master or Spiritual Teacher who has access to the fifth Spiritual Region.

SAT NAM — Literally, True Name; the appellation of the Lord of the fifth Spiritual Region.

SAT PURUSH — Literally, True Lord; another name for the Lord of the fifth Spiritual Region.

SATSANG — Literally, True Association; Association with a Saint or Perfect Master is external Satsang, and association of the soul with Shabd or Nam within is the Internal Satsang. The highest form of Satsang is to merge with Shabd and to engage in the prescribed meditation. When a congregation is addressed by a Master, that is Satsang. Even to think about Him and His teachings is Satsang.

SATSANGI — One who has been Initiated by a True Master; a disciple or associate of Truth; appellation of disciples of Radha Swami Faith; however, true Satsangis are only those who faithfully perform the Spiritual Practice, follow the instructions of the Master and conduct themselves accordingly in their daily lives and in their dealing with others.

SEVA — Service to the Master by wealth, body, mind or soul.

SHABD — Word; Sound; Audible Life Stream; Sound Current, Nam. As the soul manifests in the body as consciousness, the Word of God manifests Itself as Inner Spiritual Sound. There are five forms of the Shabd within every human being, the secret of which can be imparted only by a True Master.

SIMRAN — Repetition; remembrance; a form of spiritual practice.

TATWAS — Essences; elements; they are five in number and may be gross or subtle.



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